THE RELIGION OF NEW ENGLAND

THOMAS VAN NESS

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The Religion of New England

BY

THOMAS VAN NESS

PUBLISHED FOR

The Second Unitarian Society

OF BROOKLINE, MASS.

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To the Congregations of

The Second Unitarian Society of Brookline

and

The Second Church (the Old North)

of Boston

Founded by the Puritans in 1649

this volume

is affectionately inscribed by their

Minister, former Minister,

and Friend

Preface

FOLLOWING out requests made from time to time, especially by those college students attending the Meeting House at Coolidge Corner, Brookline (Boston) who, for the most part, have their permanent homes in other parts of the United States, the author prepared a series of addresses on religious conditions as they were, and are, in New England. The object aimed at was to make plain in as simple and as direct a form as possible why, through the beliefs held by the founders of the Plymouth and the Massachusetts Bay colonies and also because of the interpretations of those beliefs, since pre-Colonial days, given mainly by their descendants, there has arisen in New England a different theology from that generally held in other sections of our land, certainly a different emphasis.

When preparing his material, there was no thought in the mind of the writer that his

addresses would be published; otherwise more care would have been given to their literary quality. As it is, it may be best not to recast them, but to let them go forth as they are, bearing directly upon the surface the impress of the spoken word rather than that of the written appeal.

The author, during his long ministry in Boston, has been fortunate in having met, or knowing personally, most of those of whom he speaks, who, during the latter half of the nineteenth century, figured prominently in formulating, or contributing to, what he calls the religion of New England. Among these, he desires to mention the names of Emerson, Edward Everett Hale, James Freeman Clarke, Phillips Brooks, Minot J. Savage, George A. Gordon, Julia Ward Howe, Mary A. Livermore, Mary Baker Eddy and Frederick L. Hosmer. The intimate touch thus given to the subject may help make what is said not only more interesting but more authoritative.

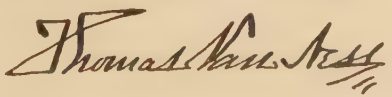
Preface

In so far as the writer knows there is no popular treatise which bears directly on the unfoldment of the three prominent ideas held so tenaciously by the Pilgrim-Puritans, viz.:

The Sovereignty of the Almighty
The Commonwealth of God
and
Independency.

It is because of that fact, and also because the author feels it something of a duty to the younger generation to make plain, if possible, how, in New England, we have arrived at our present theological position, that he sends forth this little book with real willingness.

His hope is that it may bring to the reader something of the satisfaction expressed by the various persons through whose generosity publication is made possible.



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A Great Adventure

Pilgrim and Puritan

Brewster
Bradford
Mather
Winthrop

Put on the whole armor of God.
(Ephesians, 6. 2)

The Religion of New England

CHAPTER I

First Period, 1620–1695

A COLD, bleak, desolate coast-line with here and there bits of sandy beach, protruding rocks, depressed, swampy soil where shallow waters have frozen: some distance back, low, undulating hills and ground mostly covered with ash, beech, hemlock, walnut, spruce, and fir trees. Not a house to be seen, not a tilled field nor a farm; not a road, not a garden; everywhere woods; trees in clumps, trees in long spaces, and underneath them much wet soil showing at

places boulders thrust upward by the fierce action of glaciers in the distant past.

Some such scene would have presented itself to us on a dull, gray day in December of 1620, if we had stood on that high spot of observation at Plymouth now crowned by the bronze statue of an Indian chief, and such was the landscape displayed to that boat-load of colonists, who, in their small sloop, had ventured around from Provincetown to what is now known as Cape Cod Bay. Their rudder had been disabled in a storm of snow and sleet, and, in consequence, they were compelled to take refuge on a small island almost opposite from the present Plymouth Harbor. There they remained from Friday night until the following Monday morning, December 21st, when once again venturing in their battered boat, they made for the mainland.

That Monday, December 21st, is marked in our calendar of epoch days; and why? Because on that day, the first step was taken

on this continent to establish a new commonwealth—a state dedicated to the Lord by "his free people."

Who were these "free people"—these venturesome colonists? From what part of the old world did they come and for what purpose?

The question has been answered many times. You are all familiar with the answer. You know, of course, of that serious Protestant movement in England termed Puritan: you know too of that small section of the Puritans, the Brownites of Scrooby, who pushed the logic of the Reformation far beyond what the main body considered reasonable, and insisted upon the separation of Church and State; or, rather, upon individual freedom of conscience and mind, and the further right of each congregation to elect its own minister and manage its own affairs uncoerced by bishops, synods or presbyters.

Of course ridicule and social ostracism fol-

lowed such action, and something much worse; persecutions, fines, imprisonment and cruelty. They always do when a man, or a body of men, takes a position far in advance of that generally accepted.

Peace was impossible, even safety, unless those stiff-necked Independents recanted. Would they?

They would not, so they were forced into exile. Little bands of them—a few families here and there—managed to escape from England to Holland, and, in time, these were gathered together at Leyden as a united congregation under the Reverend John Robinson. In Holland, the only free land of Europe, they remained, most of them, from 1609 to 1620. It was well they did; well for their future,—for posterity,—for us; for there, in Leyden, because of the infiltration of Dutch ideas, their own rather narrow principles were modified, and their harsh, reforming spirit made more tolerant and practical.

What more? Another journey; another home. This time far beyond the seas; this time so far beyond that they could not be touched by persecution, or limited in their attempts to found a church, a state, after the Biblical pattern, after the manner approved by conscience and heart.

Standing upon our vantage point in Plymouth, we can, in imagination, see once again the little "Mayflower" as she approaches from the open sea. How small she seems, how lacking in all the accessories of conveniences and comfort! Is it possible that upon such a rude sailing-vessel a hundred and more people can be crowded? Is it possible they can survive a tempestuous voyage of some sixty-seven days? Not only is it possible; it is a fact. Sturdiness of body went with strength of soul; iron-hearted determination gripped fear and misgiving, and conquered. So out upon the rock and the sand stepped forty-eight men; out upon the rock stepped their wives and little ones. The Plymouth Colony from then on was a reality.

The main body of Puritans still in England were soon to feel the weight of persecution and tyranny, even as their more obscure brothers and compatriots, the Pilgrims, had felt it.

Good Queen Bess passed away. James, from Scotland, came to England's throne. He spitefully harassed all Puritan organizations. "I will make them conform," said the King, "or I will harry them out of the land." He succeeded in harrying them out of the land, or a goodly share of them—scholars, gentlemen, merchants, ex-soldiers, yeomen, some of the most thoughtful and earnest of his subjects. Puritanism crossed the sea with Winthrop. It came more as a force than as a creed. It embodied itself in such a man as Governor Endicott, in such a preacher and autocrat as Cotton Mather. There was nothing in the temper or spirit of Puritanism that suggested tolerance or sympathy with Democracy. Far from it. "Democracy," wrote John Cotton, the first minister in Boston

(1636), "I do not conceive that ever God did ordain as a fit government either in church or in commonwealth."

There you have it: there speaks the uncompromising spirit so representative of Puritanism. Church and State were to be identified, not separated, according to the Puritan view. An intolerant oligarchy was to be set up in Salem, in Boston, in the new Massachusetts Colony. This spirit is the opposite of that shown by Brewster, by Bradford, at Plymouth. In it there is no give and take, no gentleness, no sense of co-operation. The Puritans were fighters. Their belief helped them to be; and good haters into the bargain. They hated Satan and all his brood of darkness; they hated laxity and laziness, and whatsoever else that by them was considered wrong and sinful. They were ready to fight the powers of this world and the temptations of the flesh and the Devil. Like Israel of old, going forth to slay the Amalekites, so our Puritan fore-

fathers, as God's chosen people, his elect, went forth grimly, determinedly, to slay the Indians, and, if necessary, to exterminate them root and branch as children of darkness and Hell.

A phrase constantly on the lips of the Puritan was, "In fear of the Lord." Almost in the language of the ancient Hebrews would he have said, "Our God is a consuming fire."

Gravely did Increase and Cotton Mather discuss with their people the Everlasting Decrees in which no provision was made for the salvation of the Turk or the infidel. Sternly and without qualification did the Reverend John Cotton, who at the First Church preceded the Mathers at the Second Church, announce his determination to discipline all those who were not of the true faith. Roger Williams might write his letters on "the bloody tenent of persecution," as he did in 1644, but it availed him little. Whether or no, he found small sympathy, and was perforce compelled to become an exile.

"Let not him who putteth his hand to the
plough look back;
Tho' the ploughshare cut thro' the flowers
of life to its foundation;
Tho' it pass o'er the graves of the dead and
the hearts of the living;
It is the will of the Lord, and His Judgment
endureth forever." *

There again you have the uncompromising voice. It is the voice of duty as conceived by the Puritan. When that speaks, let all weakness and cowardices be put aside; let the human heart forget its call to mercy and kindness and remember only the will of the Lord; to hear it and *to obey it.*

It is interesting, just here, to note how the milder, the more tolerant temper of the Pilgrims commenced to influence the sterner, harsher spirit of their brethren to the north of them, to influence particularly the almost tyrannous spirit regarding Church and State. It cannot be too strongly emphasized

* Longfellow: The Courtship of Miles Standish.

that the Puritans had in mind one organization. You may call it the State; you may call it the Church. You may call it the Theocracy; anything you like. Nothing was so obnoxious to them as the thought of *two* institutions, functioning separately; yet not many years pass before Plymouth Congregationalism is accepted by them as the way of church government, and Governor Bradford is asked to come to Salem to give approbation and concurrence at the ordination of the Reverend Mr. Higginson over a church that cuts itself off from English ecclesiasticism as decidedly and definitely as had the Plymouth Society back in Scrooby, England.

Of course the rigorous policy determined upon by the Puritans was defended by them; very vigorously defended. The Reverend Increase Mather may well have said, "See, we must save our little colony; save it from dangers within as well as from dangers without. As Roger Williams is a disturber of the peace, he must go. The Quakers are

persistent intruders and trouble-makers; they too must go. They are in league with Satan. If they will not go, then they must be hanged. We need to preserve our united front againt a despotic King, against haughty prelates, against red Indians and wild beasts of the forest; otherwise, we ourselves will fail and be lost. Ours is a holy cause. We are God's people, committed to his righteousness; how then can we show tolerance and mercy to the Lord's enemies?" All the bravery of spirit, all the fearless impetuosity within the souls of these Puritans was soon to be needed, and sorely needed, in the encounter imminent with Charles II. Those fairly pleasant years for the colonists when Cromwell ruled as Dictator were about to be replaced by stern, rigorous ones. The kingdom was re-established. A Stuart was upon the throne, and one determined to curb the heretical independence of the Massachusetts Colony and if possible to dispossess its people of their Charter; even worse: to

make their little State a mere appendage to the throne—a sort of pocket borough. Accordingly, on a certain never-to-be-forgotten day, the citizens of Boston were treated to the grim spectacle of an English warship entering the harbor, bearing on board a regiment of "Red Coats" and three Royal Commissioners empowered to take away from the General Court the charter of the colony. Before this array of force, the citizens of Boston stand powerless. What is the General Court to do? There seems to be only one thing it can do—to hand over to the King's representatives the colony's written Investment of Rights, and, by that act, seemingly comply with the demand made by Charles. Just at this point the minister of the Second Church, Reverend Increase Mather, pushes his way into the crowded Town Hall and makes a speech which electrifies all who hear it. Looking the Commissioners straight in the face, he said, "I hope there is not a free man in Boston that can be guilty of such a

thing." Then impressively lifting up his hand, he concludes, "We shall sin against the God of Heaven if we do this thing."

When Mather sits down and the vote is taken, it is unanimous against submitting to the King.

That act of Mather's is revealing. It shows the sturdy independence of thought and action which, today, we call "standing up for principle." It is this independency, entering into the religion of New England at so early a date, that impresses us. It will know no Master, no Bishop, no Pope, it will acknowledge no authority of Councils nor rule of conduct save that laid down by the Bible. The Lord Almighty shall be the only sovereign. To Him and to Him alone will the Puritan bend the knee and bow the head avowing Him the King of Kings and God of all Israel.

There is another and a less happy side to this subjection to the Bible as the only rule of faith and guidance. Let us dwell on just

one phase of that darker side in order to make clear what may be considered the unfortunate weakness in Puritan theology.

After the first excitement of leaving England and settling down in Massachusetts, after those first strenuous, co-operative days when all worked together to build houses and barns and rear a Meeting House; there followed periods of dull uniformity, monotonous times made up of tiresome, toilsome days, and long dreary nights. Especially was this true in the winter time, when darkness came on early and the various householders were perforce driven indoors. There were few diversions, hardly any amusements and no general literature to engage the attention, such as novels, magazines and newspapers. Because of poor candlelight and the cold that penetrated into every part of the house, there was only one place to sit and that was in the kitchen, or general living room where the various members of the family could huddle about the fireplace. What then more

natural than for the father, or elder brother to pore over the pages of the one book everybody possessed, the Bible, to read aloud certain verses and to discuss with the others the meaning of obscure passages. The imagination was thus aroused and at times inflamed by the descriptions in Revelations or by those lurid statements in the prophetic writings of the Old Testament.

A half-century or so after the founding of Boston, Increase Mather published his book entitled "Remarkable Providences," laying stress upon diabolic possession and witchcraft, all of which he found, or thought he found, in the Bible. His son, Cotton Mather, announced to his congregation that the sacred scriptures explicitly recognize witchcraft and demoniacal possession as realities, and he followed up his statement by publishing a book on witchcraft and sorcery.

The book was highly recommended. "In a little while its stories became the familiar reading of men, women, yes, and children throughout New England."

Then hysteria broke loose, or whatever you may wish to call the abnormal mental condition which prevailed. A poor woman is charged with giving a look toward the great Meeting House of Salem and immediately a demon enters the house and tears down a part of it. Cotton Mather accepts this charge as true. So, unfortunately, do the judge and jury, and the old woman is perforce hanged. Then two young girls in the family of Reverend Mr. Harris complain of being pinched and pricked by devils. Asked who bewitched them, they accuse an Indian woman. The woman is flogged until she confesses her alliance with Satan, when she is summarily harried out of town. In a little while the mania becomes general; spares neither old nor young. Even so blameless and admirable a minister as the Reverend Mr. Burroughs is accused of sorcery by one of his young parishioners, and, in consequence, he is adjudged guilty and executed.

It is a sad, dark story, this of witchcraft

and persecution; but let it be said to the credit of the Pilgrims that the hysteria never broke out in the Plymouth Bay section of the land. No, nor is there to be found in that Cape Cod district any of the narrow intolerance which compelled Baptists, Quakers, and other non-conformists, to leave the Massachusetts Colony. The gentle spirit of Bradford and the lofty faith of Brewster permeated the actions of the Plymouth Separatists, until tolerance, so far as belief is concerned, became the rule of action. We have already quoted the Reverend John Cotton, who came over from old Boston to this new Boston, and is made the minister of the First Church. In his latter years, he is thoroughly converted to the Congregational system, and declares Plymouth to be "the leaven that hath leavened all our New England Churches."

. . . . . .

Let us rest here with our historical sketch and take a general survey of that first cen-

tury of colonial life. What characteristics are especially noticeable that help to mould and give consistency to what we may call "the Religion of New England" as distinguishable from the form and fashion of Christianity developed in other parts of our land?

First, and of supreme importance, is what we have already termed independency of mind,—something new to the world at that time; a something which declared in effect, "we will do our own thinking; we will do our own managing, and we will do our own governing in church affairs as well as in state affairs." This independency, because it was the outcome of moral fervor and religious conviction, we have defined as "standing up for principle."

Have you ever thought of the fact that the word "independent," or *independence*, was what may be called a new word in the English language in Queen Elizabeth's time? The word is not to be found in the English

Bible. No, nor in Shakespeare's plays. You read there of "dependence", not of independence. The word "independency" was born, as E. E. Hale tells us, "when the hated Brownists separated themselves from the Church of England." It came into popular use on this continent in connection with the free and vigorous spirit which formulated the sentences of the Declaration of Independence and declared them to the world in 1776.

Another new word which came into vogue in connection with the Puritans is the word *Commonwealth*. The word "Commonweal" had long been known, but scarcely Commonwealth as standing for "self-rule." The sturdy and fraternal little body of Englishmen gathered together at Plymouth, and later at Salem and Boston, gave to this word "Commonwealth" a larger, more popular interpretation, even as they exemplified in their own actions what "independency" meant.

You see, and I see what our New England

forefathers did not see: that such independency of bearing, and of mind, is bound, sooner or later, to lead not only to political freedom, but to religious liberty and freedom as well. Ann Hutchinson, teaching in her own house a doctrine incompatible with that held by the General Court, is an example of what I mean. Try as they may, the Puritan ministers cannot sway her from her more liberal interpretation of doctrine, and so she is banished; but others follow in her footsteps. They speak in bolder, more compelling tones, until at last their claim to full liberty of statement and belief is ungrudgingly allowed.

Duty is the third word that comes to mind in connection with the Puritans. Duty, "stern daughter of the Voice of God; a light to guide, a rod to check the erring and reprove." Other colonists to America, Methodists, Roman Catholics, and Quakers, were animated by a sense of duty, but it is casting no reflection upon them to say that they were

not dominated so completely as the Puritan was by a tremendous sense of moral obligation. And, mark you, this sense of duty was not limited to the manners and actions of one's own self and family. No, it went forth and covered the whole wide field of government. Duty to the State. Duty to the Church, compelling, rigorous. *There is your unique contribution:* duty to establish firmly on earth *the Commonwealth of God.*

More than once we have referred to these Massachusetts Colonists as Separatists. In time they all became so, and it is well they did; for had not the idea of the separate state and independent church gained currency in New England, it is doubtful whether the idea would have triumphed at Philadelphia and afterward found its way into the Constitution of the United States; there to remain as the imperishable record of man's right, in religious matters, not to be dominated by the powers of the State, and equally, his right not to be overawed by the

ecclesiastical dignitaries in all that concerns social and civil affairs.

Is there any one idea that has been so helpful to the progress of religion as this of the independence of the Church from all State control? The God-given right of man to have complete mental freedom in the realm of religious thought?

We all know what convulsions and agony the people of Russia have experienced in escaping from a tyrannical Czardom that held in subjection the Orthodox Greek Church and put fetters upon growth or change. We remember Pobedonezeff, Procurator General in Alexander III's time,—"the black shadow of the throne,"—who proved in his merciless cruelty a force more terrible even than Spanish Torquemada of Inquisition days. Amid storm and stress the Ottoman Republic after the World War rid itself of the Caliphate and declared the entire separation of the government from the authority of the Islamite head. So in China:

up until the revolution of Sun Yat Sen in 1911–12, the Emperor at Pekin was sole custodian of the Temple of Heaven and Great High Priest of the national religion. It is a day still remembered, and immortalized by tablets and a commemorative street, when the Italian National Army marched into Rome and declared forever at an end the temporal power of the Pope.

So the world around, but notably so in one land after another south of us, have men won their religious freedom, and now, today, Brazil and the Argentine can clasp hands with the United States and Canada, and look up in grateful homage to the little band of English Separatists that established in an obscure corner of the Cape Cod district a commonwealth of liberty-loving souls where Church and State each performed its rightful function unhampered or uncoerced the one by the other.

"Ay, call it holy ground
The soil where first they trod;

They have left unstained what here
they found,
Freedom to worship God." *

Tennyson puts into the mouth of Ulysses, the Greek hero, these words:

. . . "Come, my friends;
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off . . . for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
. . . that which we are; we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts, . . .
. . . . . strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield."

Such words indeed fit more truly the spirit of Brewster and Endicott, of Standish and Winthrop, than ever they fit the fabled mariner of Attica.

It was a quest, a great adventure, a sailing far beyond the sunset into the night. Talk of knightly deeds. Here we have in

* Felicia D. Hemans: The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

the passengers on the "Mayflower" warriors bold and iron-hearted; true Crusaders of the Cross. Perhaps they wore no titled escutcheons, no knightly armor, no coats of mail, but they put on instead, the whole armor of God. Their loins were girt about with sincerity; their breastplate was righteousness; they took the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of the Lord, and by that sword they conquered.

"The water froze in their clothes," says the simple record which tells us of the landing at Plymouth, "and made them many times like coats of iron." What cared they —those men and women? They were "one equal temper of heroic hearts, strong in will to strive, to seek, and not to yield."

They have gone from our midst. A few half-obliterated tombstones tell where their bodies are at rest, but their spirits march on; *must march on*, and I can hear their triumphal hymn as once again they sing:

"On earth his kingdom cometh, and with joy
our eyes shall see;
Our God is marching on!" *

* Frederick Lucian Hosmer: Sung to the tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

The Drama of Calvinism

Jonathan Mayhew Jonathan Edwards

War a good warfare.
(Timothy 1. 18)

CHAPTER II

Second Period, 1695–1770

WAS there ever a better illustration of the statement "Man proposes but God disposes," than that shown in the intentions of our Puritan forefathers and in the outcome? They proposed to set up a theocracy, to establish in this new land a form of government where God, and God alone, should be acknowledged as Ruler; where His word, as contained in His most Holy Bible, should be not only the basis of conduct, but as well, the fundamental law of the land. Heresies of whatever kind were to be kept out; critics and disturbers of the peace, along with all non-conformists, were to be banished, or even more severely punished. Therefore, Ann Hutchinson had to go, and Roger Williams, as already stated; therefore, too, a

goodly number of Quakers, who differed from the ministers, had to pay fines or else be jailed, or even hanged.

While the early Puritans proposed thus to build up a narrow and exclusive theocracy, God, in His wisdom, led them on to a much larger and nobler task, through the years that were to follow their first attempts.

Sovereignty and Independence. Those are the two key words to an understanding of Puritanism. Knowing what they imply, you know fairly well the whole system of Calvinistic theology, the whole structure of the state. Knowing, too, what is involved in the ideas for which those words stand, you can prophesy the appearance, in time, of a Channing, a Roosevelt, as surely as you can predict from certain seeds, when once planted and watered, what kinds of fruit or grain will appear. If because of much study and theological speculation the attributes of God expand; if, in time, under Channing, the Lord, the Creator, becomes all love, then

under Mary Baker Eddy He becomes all Principle. If self-rule, independency, a commonwealth, is a fact for Plymouth, then, as that idea expends it becomes true of all the land (hence Democracy)—of every land (hence the dream of a League of Nations); hence the slogan "To Save the World for Democracy" (hence Woodrow Wilson).

Before proceeding further, it is well to remember that all through the Middle Ages the pretensions of the Pope at Rome had gone on increasing, until at last the claim was made by the church that he who sat in Peter's seat had inherited the stupendous power of the Apostle. Had not Christ himself given unto Peter the keys of heaven? Had he not said, "Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven"? "Whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven"? Surely he had so said; accordingly, the Pope, as Peter's representative, had complete sovereign rights, temporal as well as spiritual; he, therefore, required

and demanded full recognition and the abject submission of all men to the edicts and dogmas of Rome.

"Not so," declared Calvin, "we know but one 'Sovereign-Almighty,' the Lord God Jehovah. He is our Ruler and Governor. To Him and to Him alone do we look for pardon and salvation." Here, you see, is not only Protestantism, but Independency; here, too, is the thought of the Christian believer centering itself, not on the Christ of the New Testament, but on the Jehovah of the Old Testament; the stern and mighty Presence who holds in his hands the destinies of every human being. It is this Lord Almighty, who rules in the heavens, on the earth, in the lowest depths of hell. Imagination cannot picture the awful power, the infinite knowledge of this Eternal One. Yet, though meteors and comets flash through the sky like balls of fire in His dread hand, while lightning and frost and heat and cold come and go at His command, while galaxies of

planets burn and shimmer in the firmament, these to Him are not of primary importance. No, above and beyond all else in worth, immeasurably more priceless than any conceivable thing, stands Man. For man's sake was earth created; for man's sake the joy and beauty of the Garden of Eden; for man, although through his own sin he fell from grace, there was, nevertheless, conceived and carried out the most sublime, the most awe-inspiring plan of salvation possible even for the Divine Mind to formulate. It was nothing less than for the Son of God to take upon himself the form and guise of earthly man, to be born into the world, there to live and suffer and teach, and by and by, to be rejected by many of those whom his loving heart had yearned to save; finally to be ignominiously crucified, while all nature in sympathy mourned, while the very dead in their graves awoke, and the Angels of Paradise turned away their looks in pure pity and sorrow from Mount Calvary.

A human soul, for it were arranged the Eternal Decrees; a human soul, if oblivious to all that God in His great power had done for it, then even the blackest and most terrifying portion of hell and night is none too awful for it to be consigned. Calvinism made the whole drama of the universe center about a human soul. Creation, redemption, salvation, all stupendously planned, as it were, for man. Without him earth were void, hell useless and even heaven lacking in meaning.

Ah! But many, too many, were oblivious to all that God in His great mercy had done for them. In their pride and sinfulness they rejected the divine plan of pardon. Justice must be satisfied, the breakers of divine law punished; hence the awful fate that awaited them; hence the fires of *hell*. Now such is the character of human nature that it cannot long dwell upon grief and horror and the various trials and misfortunes of life. It must rebound to the sunshine, the fresh air,

the stimulating, buoyant side of existence. Puritan theology was too grim, too gloomy, in its implications. As the years passed, the New Englanders, or some of them, grew out of it, unconsciously grew out of it. They went through the old forms, sang the same hymns, listened to the same kinds of sermons couched in the old Calvinistic terms, but their hearts were not in it. Their minds had passed beyond it.

You remember how, when Channing was a boy, he listened to a sermon on "The Terrors of the Lord." To his vivid imagination the preacher's words brought up a world hidden in gloom and despair, and a darker more terrible place where human souls were suffering the pains of perdition. "Surely," the boy said to himself on leaving the Meeting House, "if this be true, how can any of us ever smile again, ever rid our thoughts of the tortures inflicted on the unregenerate and those who died in sin?"

His father did not seem to share in this

dread and alarm. Far from it. He ate an excellent dinner with good appetite, and said no word regarding the appalling statements made in the sermon. "Why," said Channing in after years, "my father's cheerful unconcern impressed me exactly as if he had joked and laughed at a funeral."

Not every boy, not every youth, saw how formal and perfunctory had grown the allegiance to Calvinistic theology. No, to one in particular (somewhere about 1725) that theology was still as living, as true as it was to the great Protestant reformer who formulated it. Young Jonathan Edwards reflected deeply on the ways and the power of the Almighty. If God be Sovereign Lord in the moral kingdom, said Edwards, then in that realm, indifference and wickedness are equivalent to enmity and rebellion in an earthly kingdom. Now no earthly ruler can allow the disruption of his government by malcontents and rebels. No, he must make war upon them, defeat them, imprison them,

and cut them off by death. How, then, can the Almighty do otherwise? Oblivious to wrong and sin, His government ceases; hence, whether or no, His moral laws must stand, even if the wicked and the sinner are cast down into the eternal fires where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

With this belief as the basic idea of what he is to preach, Edwards, now grown to manhood, is installed as the minister of the Northampton church. I say "grown to manhood", and yet, we would hardly consider that phrase strictly true of one who is only twenty-three and with a wife just over seventeen. There was a sensitive, imaginative streak in Edwards which accounts for much of his preaching. More than one biographer compares him to Dante. The comparison is not inaccurate. Both men have intense visions; they see with the inner eye the ways of God. Both men in their writings are influenced largely by a woman; Dante by Beatrice; Edwards by his beautiful wife.

Both men sought to bind the old with the new, by vitalizing the beliefs that were fading out. Each did so through livid word-pictures, through tremendous delineations of horror and flame, of terror and suffering.

It was said of the Florentine mothers, when Dante passed them in the narrow streets, that they would shrink against the house-walls, hugging tightly to their breasts their little ones and whispering to them, "There, there is the man who has walked among the damned. See, his face is still swarthy with the glare of Inferno's fires."

Some such dread of Edwards might have been felt in time by the mothers of little ones in Northampton, for had he not, in one of his sermons, spoken of children as though under the wrath of the Almighty? "Innocent as they seem to be," are his words, "yet if they are out of Christ, they are not innocent in God's sight, but are young vipers,—more hateful than young vipers."

"The Justice of God." That is the theme

which Jonathan Edwards dwells upon. He closes one of his sermons with these words: "You who now hear of Hell and the wrath of the Lord Almighty and sit here in these seats so easy and quiet . . . by and by, you will shake and tremble and cry out and shriek and be convinced." In his sermon entitled "Sinners in the hands of an angry God", the congregation is told that the Almighty is more angry with many still living than He is with many in perdition.

"Yea, doubtless," he continues menacingly, "with many now *here*. The wrath of God is burning; the pit is prepared, the fire is ready, the furnace is hot, the flames rage and glow; the devils are waiting and watching, like lions restrained, greedy for prey. The unconverted are now walking over the pit of hell on a rotten covering. Innumerable places in this covering are so weak that they will not bear their weight. They flatter themselves with a prospect of safety; they fail to realize that God's wrath against them

is as though He held them over the burning pit much as one holds a loathsome insect over the fire. . . ."

Was it proper retribution or mere local resentment which compelled Jonathan Edwards to resign, to give up his home, and quit the town of Northampton a discredited and humiliated exile? Whatever view we take of that final tragedy, we must all confess that Jonathan Edwards fought valiantly, heroically, to save the New England churches from the rising tide of liberalism. In boldest, most uncompromising phrases, he vitalized the old theology and started "the great awakening" which aroused *hundreds from their indifference.* His defense of God's absolute sovereignty in the realm of mind and action came too late. The age had gone beyond the thought of man's utter depravity and sinfulness. Independency was too real a fact in the political world to be abandoned in the religious world; hence Jonathan Edwards was out of step, out of

sympathy, with the oncoming generations and cannot truly be classed with the makers and moulders of the religion of New England. We must now turn to another Jonathan for such moulding,—for a newer and different emphasis.

Some of you have passed the stately edifice on Cambridge Street used as a branch of Boston's Public Library. Possibly you know that it is the Old West Church; its pulpit memorable for the eccentric utterances of Doctor Bartol, but much better remembered for the sermons preached by Mayhew, Prophet of Liberty (1720–1766). Mayhew believed in the freedom of the will. "In us," he declares, "there is a self-determining power, source of moral and intellectual freedom. We can be more certain of the fact that we are free, than of the truth of Christianity." By that utterance Mayhew brought back once again on the main highway of development the religion of New England, which Jonathan Edwards had so nearly

switched off by his tremendous earnestness and glowing imagery.

Among Mayhew's most intimate friends are John Adams, Samuel Adams, John Hancock, Robert Treat Paine, and James Otis, leaders in the cause of political independency. Mayhew was largely the inspirer of these men. "He did not practice the reticence of so many of his contemporaries, but spoke right out with fearless candor and tremendous force. Especially did he emphasize civil freedom." "Men were not made to be slaves either in soul or body," he said, " . . . true religion flourishes the more, the more people exercise their right of private judgment."

Jonathan Edwards, banished from New England in 1750, and finding his rightful theological home at Princeton, where he is made president of the college, still clings tenaciously to the peculiar tenets of Calvinism. Jonathan Mayhew, in those very years when Edwards is in New Jersey, is finding in that same Calvinism the basis for de-

mocracy—theological and civil. In refusing to accept arbitrary decrees, Mayhew is perforce compelled to champion faith in the people, in their general intelligence and motives. In other words, exactly as Samuel Adams and James Otis challenged the right of a despotic king to do as he wills with his own, so Jonathan Mayhew challenges the right of a despotic God. The rising tide of liberalism in the Puritan churches by 1750 is simply the translation into theological language of what men are beginning to think and to say in political phrases.

Here then, again, we rest in our examination of that form of Christianity which we call the Religion of New England, in order to ask ourselves certain pertinent questions regarding its teachings and the effect of those teachings upon life and character.

"What," we say, "came to be especially emphasized in the second period of Puritanism in those seventy-five years from 1695 to 1770?" If you will turn to the fourteenth

chapter of Romans and twelfth verse, I think you have your answer in respect to one feature of the religion of New England: it was its never ceasing emphasis upon accountability, personal accountability. "Everyone shall give an account of himself to God." There is to be no shirking, no dodging, no hiding behind the good deeds of saints, no passing into heaven, whether or no, because Christ has "paid it all." No, there is to be individual responsibility before the throne. The judgment pronounced, which sends one to blessedness or misery, is direct and personal.

In the last analysis, why did the preaching of Jonathan Edwards fail? It failed because it ran counter to this deep current of belief in personal accountability. It reduced man to the littleness and worthlessness of the worm: it took away his sense of freedom, made him but a bit of mechanism.

"Turn, turn my wheel, this earthen jar
A touch can make, a touch can mar.

And shall it to the Potter say,
'What makest thou?' "

"Yes, surely," responded such preachers as Ebenezer Gray, as Jonathan Mayhew, "we have free choice; we are granted opportunity; otherwise, how can we be held strictly accountable for every word and deed?"

The hymn beginning,

"Oh! to be nothing, nothing;
Only to lie at his feet,
A broken and emptied vessel,
For the master's use made meet,"

was never written by, nor could it have been written by, any Puritan living between 1695 and 1770.

Next after accountability we notice what I call *consecrated conviction.* Such conviction is something very different from holding opinions, or entertaining particular beliefs; it is the making of those convictions a *part of one's life.* Acting upon them, maintaining them though the whole community, the whole state, stands in opposition. Well

expressed is this determination in the words of Garrison, "I will not prevaricate. I will not move a single inch, and I will be heard."

As we reflect on the faith of the Puritan, so far as we have reviewed it in its strong, stern, and stormful aspects, it seems akin to the rocks, and the gray skies and the tossing branches of giant woods. It is not the religion for the dilettante; no, nor for the weakling; but for purposeful men and women. Irresponsibility, evasion, insincerity, find no place in it, any more than does sloth, or sin, or unrighteous living. It cuts deep down into our natural inclinations to take it easy, and to be content with shallow thinking; especially is it scornful of all indifference to civil and religious duties. It asks for liberty, demands it, but it does not confuse liberty with license; nor does it disobey rightful rule. The rugged independency of those Puritan fighters is far removed from a mere careless lawlessness, or drifting, or the acceptance of some theory requiring no self-

denial. We can learn much, if we will, about reverence, the essential piety that is the foundation of any real religion. We can learn something, too, about prayer, that attempt of man to put himself into right relations with Deity.

Reading over some of those long, long prayers, so full of exaggerated phrases, of scriptural or symbolic allusions to Jordan, to Jerusalem, to the atoning grace, to the thunders of Sinai, I wonder how such prayers produced any moral effect. Yet, I know they did; they heartened in time of discouragement, they lifted in the commonplace hours, they gave assurance and consolation when all earthly comfort failed, and, above everything else, they brought nearer the Divine Presence, as power and might. So the Puritan with the Psalmist could cry out in all faith: "For the Lord is my rock and fortress. He is my strength and my deliverer. I shall not be moved."

Such assurance of the divine wisdom and

power, does this generation possess it? Such certitude that the whole drama of the universe centers about a human soul—highest product of the Almighty—do we have it?

In Cambridge, not far from the college which John Harvard founded and helped to dedicate to religion, stands a monument which reveals the Puritan in one aspect—that of the fighter. There he stands, sober of countenance, with sword girt on side and with flintlock in hand, ready, yes, willing, if needs be, to "war a good warfare", and endure hardness as a soldier of the Lord. But there is another aspect of the Puritan I like better; where, like the sons of Aaron in old Israel, he stands forth as Trumpeter, as the arouser of a world asleep in sloth and sin, sending forth his bugle-call to activity and righteousness.

Do you remember the story in the Arabian Nights of a busy and flourishing city, which, by a wicked enchantment, was placed under a spell so that industry ceased and life died

out, and everyone was turned to stone? Fortunately there was one weakness in the enchantment. At the palace gates hung a horn with this inscription, "Blow, blow, to him who dares to blow." It was said that if anyone courageous enough should penetrate to the center of the city and sound a call, the enchantment would be broken and the city return to its normal state. At last, one bold and daring prince, having overcome all obstacles, blew such a blast upon the trumpet that the very walls of the palace were shaken and the life of the city returned.

So the Puritan, stout of heart and full of courage, sent forth his call. Shall we, too, send forth the call?

Defiance of Authority

The American Revolution

The Theological Revolution

Adams Channing

Justice and judgment are the habitation of Thy Throne.

(Psalms 89. 14)

When ye pray say "Our Father"

(Matt. 6. 9)

CHAPTER III

Third Period, 1770–1845

"ONLY in Eastern Massachusetts could the Revolutionary War have broken out."

That statement, when first heard, seems too decided; yet, after consideration, does it not impress us as true? Surely the conglomerate mass of colonists in Georgia and South Carolina, lacking in unity, were no more likely to go to war with Great Britain than were the Spanish or French of Florida and Louisiana. The larger number of people in Virginia were still Episcopalian in religion and royalist in politics. The quiet-loving and rather phlegmatic Dutch of the upper Hudson valley, like their neighbors in New Jersey, had little animosity in their natures and were willing to let well enough alone.

The very faith of the Pennsylvania Quakers forbade them to go to war and engage in strife and bloodshed. The Roman Catholics of Maryland from childhood had been taught to respect and bow down to ecclesiastical authority; hence they were not likely to start a rebellion against the rightfully constituted powers, whether of State or Church. So, then, we must look to our Independents of Puritan and Pilgrim lineage for any opposition to the plans and purposes of King George, and we will certainly find them in those churches that, just a hundred years before, had refused to give up to Charles II the charter of Massachusetts and had proclaimed their freedom from all Episcopalian control.

John Adams stands as the personification of this independency. In him we find the link connecting the Puritan theory of the Congregational church and the independent state. He units the two protests into one; he becomes the standard-bearer of liberty,

whether in the realm of political action or in that of religious thought. We must remember that John Adams had reflected seriously upon entering the ministry. "Yesterday I completed a contract to study law," is the entry in his diary under date of August 22, 1756. "Necessity drove me to this determination, but my inclination was to preach. The practice of law does not dissolve me from the obligation of religion." There, in that statement, we have the preacher spirit inspiring the lawyer. Let us not forget the fact, in our further considerations of how the colonies became independent; let us see with clearness that, though John Adams may in biographies be called lawyer, patriot, agitator, fighter, statesman; he is, underneath all, the Puritan minister, and carries the stubborn, resolute determination of Winthrop, of Endicott, of Increase Mather right up to the executive mansion—to the President's chair.

The tactics of John Adams were somewhat

different from those of Reverend Jonathan Mayhew, as we should expect from his legal education. That clergyman attacked the problem of authority from the standpoint of *rightful independency*. John Adams made his plea from the side of *justice*.

So much is involved in that plea for justice, and it has so much to do with the further shaping and development of the religion of New England, that we must stop for a few minutes to consider what it meant to those living at about 1770. Let me again remind you of the fact that the system of Calvinism was not founded upon justice; it was founded upon sovereignty. Law proceeded from the king. The Lord Almighty was King of Kings: therefore, if He, in His good will and pleasure, elected certain human beings to be damned and certain others to be saved, who could question the justice of such a proceeding? Who cry out against the unfairness of Jehovah's decree?

Was any protest from the standpoint of

justice raised against the right of King James to send to the gallows a boy found poaching; as well as a man convicted of murder? Did anyone (say, in 1695) cry out against the unfairness of sending merchants, unable to pay their debts, to loathsome prisons, there to keep company with the vilest sinners and cutthroats? Was there an open revolt against the severe punishment of heretics; against branding them, torturing them, burning them at the stake? Surely not. Even Calvin himself ordered the Unitarian Servetus to be burned in that very city of Geneva over which he had established, as he asserts, the Kingdom of God. Less even than three hundred years ago, there was no nice sense of proportion between crime and punishment; no clear comprehension of that fair equivalent that balanced scale, that exactness of cause and effect, which we have in mind when we speak of justice.

Those years from 1695 to 1770, the second period in New England, were brood-

ing years. Men commenced to think more deeply on the subject of government, divine as well as human. Was it true, they asked themselves, that a king was bound by no ordinary usage? Were nobles and prelates immune from punishment, simply because of their high position? Had a government the right, merely because it had the power, to tax men against their will, or to send them into the army to fight other human beings against whom they had no grievance?

But—and here came in the more fundamental question—if it be unjust for England to do as she pleases with her subjects, is it just for the Creator to do as He pleases with His creatures? If it be unjust for a government to have a privileged class, born so, is it just for the Almighty to have a privileged class—the elect—born so, while millions of others, from no fault of theirs, are allowed to perish?

Jonathan Mayhew it was who, from his Boston pulpit (the West Church), in no un-

certain phrases, rejected the idea of God's sovereignty when pushed to the point where any and every act of His was vindicated and praised: John Adams it was who, from legislative platforms, and in equally direct phrases, rejected the idea of the King's right to tax his colonies merely because he wanted to. "No taxation without representation." No injustice whether in heaven or on earth.

There is the real beginning of the Revolutionary War; there the voice of political and religious protest. Liberty in theological belief is just as sure to come from the declaration of John Adams and his fellow patriots, as liberty of political action and liberty in legislation.

We all know the course of the Revolutionary War, and its triumphant end. During the period when it was raging, men's thoughts were on secular affairs, on the movement of armies, on questions of statecraft, and on the surest way to win the rights asserted in the Declaration of Independence.

The war once over, everything is changed. The outlook is different. The needs, different. In consequence, the old order is bound to pass away. What we especially want to notice is the fact that, just as, a century before, the religious ideals powerfully influenced the character of the political systems, so now the ideals of political liberty are profoundly affecting men's thinking on religious matters, leading to theological changes of nearly as radical a type.

In 1776, when the Liberty Bell rang out to all the world its momentous message of human rights, there was a student at Harvard, then about eighteen years of age, most profoundly stirred by the news which came up from Philadelphia, and by the fighting taking place about the college town. The beginning of hostilities had interrupted studies and teaching. Most of the classmates of this youth had gone to their native towns, or were entering the colonial army. He of whom I speak, James Freeman by

name, deeply sympathized with the revolutionists, and so we find him, a little later, down in the Cape Cod district instructing a company of men in military tactics in order that this company may join the colonial troops. In 1780, he is on his way to Quebec. The vessel upon which he sails is captured by a privateer; young Freeman is made a prisoner; he is not allowed to go free until after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown in 1781. On returning to Boston in 1782, a candidate for the ministry, he is invited to officiate as reader in the Episcopal church known as King's Chapel, and he retains that post until, five years afterwards (1787), he is fully ordained to be rector, minister, and pastor.

What should we expect from such a young man and with such strong revolutionary sentiments? We should expect just what happened, a protest against any kind of connection with the Episcopal Church of England, and then, further, such changes in the

liturgy and order of service as would make the theology of the church strictly Unitarian.

King's Chapel of Boston is, therefore, called the first avowedly Unitarian Church in America. By that it is not meant that its minister, Mr. Freeman, was any more outspoken as to his beliefs than a half-dozen other ministers in the Congregational or Puritan body. It is simply meant that in his case there was a radical change in the form of church government as well as in theology. Under Freeman, King's Chapel passed from the Episcopal system to the Congregational. In the case of the other liberal ministers there was no need to make changes. Their polity was sufficiently free and congregational, as the bond of union of every Puritan society was not in the form of a creed, but in the form of a covenant or agreement.

It is hardly necessary to say that, at the close of the Revolutionary War, the title of

king or sovereign, as applied to the Supreme Being, was little relished in sermons, or, for that matter, in prayer or in liturgy. Just exactly when the word "Father" or "Heavenly Father" came into general use, I do not know, perhaps no one knows; but the fact remains that in the printed prayers and sermons which have come down to us (say, from 1770 to 1820) there is a distinct change noticeable. Where before the year 1770 the words "Almighty," "Sovereign Ruler," "Jehovah," "the God of Might" are constantly used, by 1820 they fall into the background and give place to "Father Almighty" or "Heavenly Father." They fall into the background, did I say? Yes; but there is a "flare-up," another great resistance to the oncoming wave of religious liberalism; a time when the old words and the ancient confessions of faith are to be used, and with effect; used and emphasized in a second revival that reminds us of the "Great Awakening" under Jonathan Edwards. Other religious agen-

cies were now at work throughout New England besides the original Pilgrim-Puritan one. The Methodists had come into the smaller towns and villages; the Episcopalians were becoming more in evidence, especially in Portland, Hartford, Providence, and Boston, and the conservative Congregationalists, heartened by the theological views of the Princeton College group, were finding voice and champions. It must not be forgotten that Jonathan Edwards still remained a strong religious force, even though he had removed from Northampton to Princeton, New Jersey. As president of the college he exerted a greater influence, even if not so spectacular, than he had in his Massachusetts pulpit. His line of reasoning was taken up by that gloomy preacher, Samuel Hopkins of Newport, whose slogan came to be, "Are you willing to be damned for the glory of God?" Hopkins was followed by Emmons and by Timothy Dwight (grandson of Jonathan Edwards), the president of Yale

College until 1787. This newer Calvinism, as we may call it, formulated by the Connecticut group, combined with the fervid evangelistic spirit coming into New England from the south, led to a series of revivals, which brought out sharply the widening chasm separating most of the older and more liberal churches from the orthodox ones; led also to bad feeling and acrimonious debate. As yet, liberalism had not formulated itself; it was still "up in the air," so to speak. It needed a commanding voice to give it utterance; a commanding personality back of that voice. The awaited leader is not long in coming. The interpreter of advanced congregationalism is soon to speak. Whereas Jonathan Edwards' words held in thralldom but a limited number of people in local sections of New England, this new preacher is heard throughout all America—throughout all the world.

Once again let us go back to those post-revolutionary days when political aspirations

and patriotic ideals are still uppermost. Let us return to the Harvard College yard at Cambridge and observe a group of students in 1796 who are shouting for "Adams and Liberty," and defiantly wearing the black cockade, though it cause, or nearly so, a riot of feeling and action. Among these youths is one particularly enthusiastic; he is frail of body, but strong and determined of will, and exerts considerable influence among his fellows. Afterward, when his hero John Adams is elected President of the United States, this young man, in the name of his classmates and sympathizers, writes a most impassioned address to the new President pledging full loyalty to his policies. This same youth, when he is awarded the Oration in the graduating exercises, refuses to accept the honor unless the faculty withdraws its prohibition against political allusions. This concession, grudgingly obtained, does not satisfy the youthful orator. In the midst of his address, suddenly he stops, he turns to-

ward the members of the faculty and calls out with deep feeling, "But were I not forbidden, I could a tale unfold which would harrow up your souls."

Later on this young man goes to Richmond, Virginia, as tutor in the family of one of the Randolphs, a family as conspicuously placed in Virginia in relation to the Revolutionary War as was the Adams family in Massachusetts. There, we may be sure, his liberty-loving proclivities are not lessened; indeed they are more likely to be strengthened, for was not Thomas Jefferson himself a Randolph on his mother's side?

. . . . . .

What are the circumstances, the influences, that make us what we are? Can you tell? Can anybody tell? Was William Ellery Channing, for it is of him I am speaking, what he was by virtue of his heredity—his grandfather Ellery was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence—was he the creature of his environment? Was he

largely moulded by the education he received in the free air of Harvard, or was he much more influenced by what was going on about him in those stirring, stormful days when France, like the United States, was trying to free itself from tyranny? We must not forget, among the influences, those which emanated from his home town, Newport, and from the preaching of the Reverend Mr. Hopkins, "the glory-be-damned preacher," as he was most irreverently called by those violently opposed to him.

To whatever conclusion you come, I think you are prepared to appreciate the utterances of Channing after he became the minister of the Federal Street Church, Boston. You can almost predict that his will be a generous faith, that it will be touched with high emotion and always breathing a fine sense of personal liberty. More; you will be sure that, whereas Hopkins, like his brilliant predecessor, Jonathan Edwards, emphasized the total depravity of man, Channing

is sure to stand in no uncertain way for the goodness and constant improvableness of man.

It was in 1819 that Channing, at Baltimore, preached the sermon, like the shot at Concord, heard round the world; heard not because it was eminently scholarly, and critical, but because it was thoroughly human in its appeal against the wrong done to the character of God by a redemptive scheme so full of injustice, so partial, so gloomy and cruel as that of the Calvinists. Contrary to what is usually thought, Unitarianism—for that is what Channing's preaching and that of his liberal ministerial companions soon came to be called—did not start as an intellectual movement, it started rather as a revolt of the feelings against the narrowness and the dreadful inhumanity of the prevailing theological system, it represented the growing sense of justice on the religious side. More and more unrighteous did it seem that a just judge should condemn the whole

human race merely for the sins of our first parents—the doctrine of the fall of man. This doctrine of the fall of man, or total depravity, was especially obnoxious to the New Englanders of Channing's time—to Channing himself. It went absolutely counter to the whole spirit of the Revolutionary War and to the spirit of Democracy. What wonder, then, that Channing's words in reference to the dignity of human nature, to the perfectibility of man, found an echo in so many hearts, and that the whole scheme of redemption through blood and the depravity of man should be rejected by many of the best, the most enlightened, people of New England. In a very short time twenty or twenty-five of the original Puritan churches of Massachusetts became Unitarian. The Congregational body was split in twain as, all told, some one hundred and twenty-five or more churches allied themselves with the new movement.

Unfortunately for the Unitarians, the

popular cry was soon raised against them of infidelity. "They make of the Saviour a mere man," it was said; "they deny the infallibility of the Bible; they repudiate the sacred doctrine of the Trinity; they are guilty of the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost." Strong prejudice was thus awakened in the unthinking mind, the whole attempt of Channing misunderstood, even as it is today in many parts of our land, and, in consequence, the natural growth of the religion of New England checked, and that too at a most critical period for its further development.

. . . . . .

Calvinism, as we have more than once said, makes the whole drama of the universe center about a human soul. Creation, redemption, salvation, all stupendously planned, as it were, for man. "Because this is so," is the thought of Channing, "then the soul cannot be utterly wicked, fit only to be cast away like rubbish in the fire; it must be of suprem-

est worth; it must possess within itself potencies, possibilities that link it to the divine." Here you see Channing's idea harks back to the simple teachings of the Master; here once again, as nineteen hundred years before, we have the glad, grand gospel of our worth in the eyes of the Heavenly Father, and we are told, as Jesus told those about him, that all of us, and not just an elected few, are children of the highest and destined for heavenly things.

The figures of Jonathan Edwards and William Ellery Channing are distinct because of their wide differences; yet there is one characteristic alike in these two representative preachers. Each spoke with the intensity of deep conviction and each uttered that which to him seemed profound truth—the very word of God, but, oh, in what a different manner! Edwards thundered forth the law as though from Mount Sinai, Channing spoke it as if he stood on the hillside of Galilee where Jesus uttered his beatitudes,

Truth is mighty and will prevail. Yes, if spoken in love and not in anger. In all that Channing said there was a sweet reasonableness, a tender devotion to what was pure, lovely, and of good report; hence, his words carried conviction to the soul. Surely it is not too much to say that Channing's sermons exemplified the statement of the Psalmist when he declared that mercy and truth had met together and righteousness and peace had kissed each other.

We are now about to pass into that period of the religion of New England where the watchword becomes "not creed, but deed," and where the words of Saint James, "I will show thee my faith by my works," become favorite ones; but when we are studying that philanthropic phase, so splendidly personified by Tuckerman, by Horace Mann, by Dr. Samuel G. Howe, let us remember that it finds its inspiration in the writings and actions of Doctor Channing. It was he who championed, by voice and pen, the cause of

peace, the cause of temperance, of charity, of the abolition of slavery, of better working conditions, and it was his example that led so many of the early Unitarians to engage in practical activity for the advancement, not of some single church or denomination, but for the advancement of all mankind.

Right here let me give an intimate picture of how Channing affected the young people of his day. A Harvard student, we are told, had been calling upon the noted minister and had spent an enjoyable evening in animated conversation. When about to go, Channing, in a most cordial manner, invited him to call again, to which the student replied, "Yes, sir, I will, for you are the only young man I know." Instantly Channing answered in a loud, ringing tone that was almost a hurrah, "Always young for liberty."

"Always young for liberty." How the words thrill! Young for emancipating the body from bondage, the heart from its sorrow, the mind from dark and hurtful super-

stitions. Always young for truth, for liberty, for love. Can it be said of us that we are always young for liberty, for truth, for love? Do you wonder that, at Channing's death, a whole city mourned, a whole state, a nation? Do you wonder that memorial services were held in New York, in Philadelphia, in Washington, even in London, and that our poets, Longfellow, Whittier, each brought his verse, as testimonial, to the high character and spiritual leadership of one of the greatest moulders and fashioners of the religion of New England?

"Not vainly did old poets tell;
  Nor vainly did old genius paint
God's great and crowning miracle . . .
  The hero and the saint."

"And so the common tongue and pen,
  Which, world wide, echo Channing's fame,
As one of Heaven's anointed men,
  Have sanctified his name."

"Swart smiters of the glowing steel,
  Dark feeders of the forge's flame,

Pale watchers at the loom and wheel,
Repeat his honored name."

"Where is the victory of the grave?
What dust upon the spirit lies?
God keeps the sacred life he gave—
The prophet never dies."

Opposite Tendencies

The Vision	The Deed
Emerson	Tuckerman

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you.
(St. Paul)

I will show thee my faith by my works.
(St. James)

CHAPTER IV

Third Period, 1770–1845 (*Continued*)

IN our review, so far, we have twice seen how nearly the religion of New England came to being switched off from the main track of development: in the first instance by Jonathan Edwards; then afterward, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, by certain conservatives largely influenced by the evangelistic fervor which swept in from the outside. We are now about to note how, after Channing's death, the very triumph of the two most fundamental ideas in the Puritan mind not only weakened the force of the early religious impulse, but in the one case—that of the intense interest in nation building—so dissipated that original religious force as almost to lead to its extinction.

What were those two fundamental ideas of the Puritans?

The first, you will remember, was to build up, here in this new land, God's Commonwealth; a commonwealth, a theocracy, where the recognized law should be God's word as declared in his most holy Bible.

The second idea was the acknowledgment of the Heavenly King as sole, supreme ruler in men's hearts and in their lives as well as in the state.

These, I say, are the two original Puritan-Pilgrim ideas played upon harmoniously, discordantly, and with variations; sometimes profoundly, sometimes most fancifully.

Look back with me upon this idea of the omniscience and omnipotence of the Lord Almighty. For the best part of two hundred years, as is well known, the thought of God was of a being enthroned afar in the heaven of heavens, the mighty Sovereign, the Jehovah of Israel: capricious, vengeful, and, at times, terribly angry; then again, merci-

ful and even loving. Above all He was pure and holy, the center of moral light and life. Nothing to Him was more abominable than wickedness and indifference to His divine plan of salvation. In order to warn men of their fate if they did not repent, He would at particular occasions place signs in the sky, such as burning comets, or move the earth with quick vibrations. Then those who understood, as did Reverend Increase Mather, would cry out in an agony of fear and tell the people that great calamities were at hand. "See, see!" said the preacher, "the sword is blazing over us. Let it put us upon crying to God that His judgment be diverted."

Awful indeed is the thought of Deity when believed with the ardor of one's whole heart. Never to be alone, never to have a wish to one's self, never to hold a single thought in secret, never to hug to one's self a lustful passion unhidden from the observation of the Almighty. Forever and forever to be under

the steady gaze of an Eye that never sleeps. This is indeed the fear of the Lord which the Psalmist tells us is the beginning of wisdom.

Exactly to what extent Channing shared in this generally accepted anthropomorphic idea of God, and to what extent he had outgrown it, we do not know: we only know, so far as can be judged from his sermons, that his chief interest was in the improvableness of man through a better environment, better living conditions, a better, more hopeful faith in a loving Heavenly Father who cares for all His children.

Naturally, because of this special emphasis placed by Channing on the dignity and worth of man, *a new sense of responsibility for the social situation was awakened*, a strong desire for practical reforms created. The new Unitarian movement was soon characterized by its philanthropic activity. In all directions efforts were made to improve existing conditions. "Deed, not creed," as we have said,

became the watchword, and sermons treated of such subjects as the "Elevation of the Laboring Classes," "Duty of the Free States," "War and Its Horrors," "Temperance," and kindred topics. Among those early Unitarians there was little, if any, inclination to build up a sect, or even a church, but there was a tremendous desire to build up a nation; to make of America an ideal country; to bring here on earth the Commonwealth of God—that original dream of the Pilgrim Fathers. This desire found expression in the labors of such reformers and philanthropists as Horace Mann for the public schools, Dorothea Dix for asylums, John Pierpont to rid the land of the curse of drunkenness, Doctor Howe for an institution to teach the blind. It gave to Boston such institutions as the Massachusetts General Hospital, the Children's Aid Society, the Perkins Institute for the Blind, the Young Men's Christian Union, and others of like kind.

In Samuel Gridley Howe we have the

combination of Sir Launcelot and the Good Samaritan. Where more splendid, romantic courage than that shown by Howe in fighting alongside of Lord Byron for the liberties of Greece, and, again, when like a knight to the charge, he risked his life to help Lafayette in the Revolution of 1830? Because of her immortal verse, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," Julia Ward Howe, the brilliant, versatile wife, has become known throughout the length and breadth of our land. Doctor Howe, the husband, may not as yet be so widely recognized, but his work is deep and lasting; it well deserves the tribute of immortal fame.

If any man in this state, in any state, ever put into practice the teachings of Channing—yes, of Jesus Christ his Master—that man was Samuel Gridley Howe. Of him it could be said that he served all those who most needed help. Through him the blind received sight and knowledge, the deaf heard and were made glad, and the dumb became

articulate and praised God from whom all blessings flow, and Doctor Howe as the instrument through which these blessings came to them.

Others with whom Doctor Howe worked are well worthy of mention. There was Senator Charles Sumner, companion in the reform of prisons; Andrews, stout-hearted governor in the time of the Civil War; Florence Nightingale, across the sea, with whom he worked in the care of the sick; and Reverend Dr. Bellows, of the U. S. Sanitary Commission. These Unitarians put their trust especially in what may be called social combinations, or civic organizations, as distinguished from those older methods formerly relied upon for uplift and regeneration, such as revivals, missions, and meetings for the "saving of souls." One of Doctor Howe's companions we must notice because of his firm faith in education and his effective efforts to establish a public school system. I refer to Horace Mann, born at Franklin,

not far from Boston, and living the larger part of his life in the vicinity of the golden dome of Massachusetts' State House.

Horace Mann is of a type not at all uncommon today, but most unfamiliar some seventy-five years ago. With his ability, high position and money could easily have been obtained; yet he turned from these usually desired prizes to the work of reform and humanitarianism. Not much over thirty years of age when elected to the legislature of his native state, he, when in that public position, saw the need of doing something for the thousands of boys who had no fair chance of attending school. After revising the statutes bearing on education he decided to give up politics and business, and devote all his energies to better methods of teaching and to the enlargement of the scope of popular education. For years he wrote, traveled, and agitated. Whenever possible, he influenced by personal interviews, or by speeches, and, at length, had the happy satisfaction of

seeing his Report on State Schools published in England and in America; perhaps the even higher satisfaction, as president of Antioch College, of laboring with undiminished zeal for the equal education of girls and boys. In Horace Mann, in Tuckerman, in Howe, you recognize, not the old religious fervor, but a passion for service—for the doing of the things which the Christ in Galilee commanded. You recognize something more: the spirit of Bradford, of Brewster, of John Robinson finding intelligent and consecrated expression *in the work of nation building.*

You see now what I mean when I say that the very triumph of the Pilgrim idea, viz., to build up God's Commonwealth in this new land, weakened the force of the early religious impulse, took away from men's minds the thought of working through the church as the only divine way to make firm and sure the foundations of that Commonwealth; for, note you, if Theodore Parker had used his

splendid talents to build up a denomination, as did the organizer of the Campbellite, or Disciples Church, Alexander Campbell, then, today, the number of Free Unitarian Congregational churches founded by him might have been as many as the Disciples churches established by Campbell. Theodore Parker chose to work for other objects: for the freedom of the slave, for the intellectual quickening of America. The circuit preacher, Peter Cartwright, "sowed the Mississippi Valley with Methodist churches." Suppose Thomas Starr King, with his magnetic eloquence, had chosen to do the same for Unitarianism instead of working as he did for loyalty and good government; would it have been said at his death, as it was said, "California was saved to the Union by Starr King"? Would his statue today be in Golden Gate Park? Dr. Henry W. Bellows had in his New York congregation such distinguished men as Peter Cooper, George William Curtis, Dorman B. Eaton, Henry Bergh, and Bryant,

the poet. Suppose, now, that Bellows had turned his ripened powers, and the energies of those I have mentioned, toward creating "Unitarian Missions," in place of creating better national conditions, what a mighty denominational work he might have done. Instead of that, he chose to throw his vital energy into the Sanitary Commission. Curtis and Eaton gave their best years to the work of Civil Service. Bergh to creating and establishing the Humane Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and Peter Cooper to the establishment of a popular institute where poor boys and mechanics would have all the advantages of free reading rooms, free lectures and guidance in special task. It is no exaggeration to say that in the group that followed Channing, we have our notable nation-makers, those who created our charity organizations, our public school system, our free libraries, and our humane societies; those who taught in our universities or composed our poems,

Longfellow, Bryant, Holmes, Lowell; those who edited our magazines and wrote our enduring books, like Bayard Taylor, Higginson, Hawthorne, Eliot, Parkman, Prescott, Motley, Bancroft, and I know not how many others besides. These all gave themselves to most worthy and laudable undertakings, but they neglected to work in the same degree for the church, and for its advancement and continuance.

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We now come to the personality of one who, in changing the character, or at least the emphasis, of religion in New England, exerted, if anything, a wider, more abiding influence than did Channing himself. I refer to Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Tennyson, in one of his poems, speaks of Lady Clare, the daughter of a hundred earls. If the noble lady was what she was by virtue of blood inheritance, what shall we say of Emerson, who represents in his own person the thoughts, the ideals, the charac-

teristics of eight generations of Puritan clergymen? Surely their combined thoughtfulness, their seriousness, must have affected him, if there is any truth in the doctrine of heredity. Emerson is a product of New England in fullest sense. The dogmatism of his ancestors becomes in him simple affirmation, and the uncompromising purpose they show flowers forth in his nature as deep feeling for the highest standards possible to the soul. Was it not Elbert Hubbard who said of Emerson, "He brought God down from the skies and gave Him a home in the soul of man"? While the statement is not altogether orthodox, yet it does help to make vivid what Emerson did for the theology of his day. "Let man learn," Emerson tells us, "the revelation of all nature and all thought to his heart, this, viz., the highest dwells with him . . . ineffable is the union of man and God in every act of the soul; the simplest person who, in his integrity, worships God, becomes God . . . *within us is the soul of the*

whole (the wise silence, the universal beauty, to which every part and particle is equally related) the Eternal One. This deep power in which we exist . . . is not only self-sufficing and perfect, but the act of seeing and the thing seen, the seer and the spectacle, the subject and the object are one."

"Mind is supreme, eternal and one. It is manifold, subtle, living, immanent in all things, permanent, self-manifesting. The universe is the result of mind; nature is the symbol of mind. Finite creatures live and move and have their being through concurrence with infinite mind."

There, in those sentences, you have Emerson's first article of belief. His second article of faith logically follows. "From the primal mind," he says, "we have the ability to draw virtue, prudence, heroism, wisdom, all the necessary qualities."

Freedom has its dangers; very great dangers are they too. When the Hebrews escaped from the bondage of Egypt, they

almost rent themselves to pieces by their desire each to do as he wanted irrespective of the rights of others. France, free from kingly control, a reign of terror followed: the American colonies, having gained their liberties, were all too likely to separate on petty issues, regardless of the common good. The right of private judgment having been gained by Luther, there set in a period of the most fanciful faiths. Had we lived in Massachusetts in Emerson's time, we would have noticed the same unfortunate result of sudden freedom given to immature minds, or to those formerly held in narrow bounds by ecclesiastical usages. You have the whole story in the rise and spread of transcendentalism; in the unpractical attempts at colonization, such as at Brook Farm, West Roxbury, or at Fruitland. Those who gave adherence to the new religious philosophical system were, as a class, vague and loose in thought; they cared more for speculation than they did for action;

emotion rather than clear thought. As interpreted by Parker, by Emerson, this transcendental philosophy, with its belief in the immanence of God in the soul of man, reminds us of the philosophy of Saint Paul, "the temple of the Lord is holy, which temple ye are." As interpreted by Margaret Fuller, by Bronson Alcott at the Concord School, and by the queer, wild-eyed, unrestrained supporters in Boston, it reminds us of the discussions in a lunatic asylum.

Does this statement sound too harsh? You will not think so if you read Alcott's "Orphic Sayings" in "The Dial," or if you remember Margaret Fuller's serious affirmation regarding the ill effects of standing in the moonlight, or, yet again, if you visit the Fruitland community where milk and eggs are taboo, and where the "aspiring" vegetables were cultivated and eaten, i.e., those vegetables which grow up into the air; the others, the non-aspiring ones, such as potatoes and beets, which grow downward in

the earth, were looked upon as evil and were, therefore, forbidden.

Emerson ought not to be held accountable for all the fads and fancies that resulted from his teaching. No, rather should we hold him in high regard for his help in bringing God near to our souls: for his spiritual quickening and for his gospel of courage and cheer. Especially valuable to young people has Emerson proved to be. Walter Pritchett Eaton, when still a Harvard student, at the unveiling of the bust of Emerson in the old Second Church on Copley Square, Boston (1899), bore testimony to this fact and quoted the following sentence from Emerson's essay on Self-reliance as an example of what had been most helpful to him. "Never imitate: abide in the simple and noble regions of your life. Trust yourself; trust yourself. Every heart beats responsive to that iron string."

Picking up my own volume of essays, I find that, when still a High School boy, I

came across that same passage and marked it at the time. It revolutionized my whole inner life, so that from then and on I tried never to imitate anyone in speech, thought, or ways of looking at events. I make this personal confession simply as added testimony. Yes, Emerson helps to give confidence in ourselves, makes us appreciate how noble and God-like we may be, and saves us from depression or black despair by telling us that, no matter what our losses, we are never utterly bereft, for something else of equal value and profit has been slipped into the vacant place, and so there is compensation.

Cheer and hope. Will the time ever come when men and women will not need to be cheered, or inspired to greater things, or when they will not wish to be lifted up above the humdrum, common level by a great hope which whispers of immortality and kinship with the Eternal?

When I found myself a student at the Harvard Divinity School, I longed to see the

man whose writings had so influenced my own thinking. I had not long to wait. Some half-dozen or so of us were invited by Helen Emerson, the daughter, to come to Concord. You all know from descriptions how the old sitting room, or study of Emerson's house, looked with its high shelves of books, its faded carpet, and its center-table, and so, in imagination, you can see it as we, that evening, saw it; but perhaps you cannot perceive quite so plainly the thin, white-haired, black-coated man who approaches somewhat hesitatingly to give us welcome; nor hear his slow, mellow tones as he partly reads, and partly speaks his message, forgetting now and again, until prompted by his daughter, who stands behind his chair and supplies the needed phrase. It was not the Emerson represented in marble or in painting. No, it was the sublimated personality, purified, and spiritualized; almost unearthly by the waning of flesh, by the domination of soul. Calm, serene, tender, already living

partly in that other realm of the immortals.

Once again it was my privilege to see him. The air was filled with snow as I, with hundreds of others, made my way quickly to Appleton Chapel, fast filling with those who wished to render the last tribute of respect to another rare soul, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. There in the front pew, just under the position in the gallery where I sat, were President Eliot, Professor Norton, and, with others, Ralph Waldo Emerson. What was he thinking? Did he hear the words of the preacher, or other diviner words? Did he listen to the choir, or, by some heavenly radio, was he hearing the triumphal shout of those above who were welcoming to their midst the soul of Longfellow? I do not know. I cannot say. But I do know that that shrunken presence, that face still so full of serenity and spiritual beauty, impressed me, thrilled me, made a more lasting impression upon my heart, than did anything that was said, heard, or done at the funeral

service. I felt then, and rightly so, that the summons for him would not long be delayed.

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Again we pause, as in previous addresses, to sum up what so far has been said regarding the religion of New England. As we do so, there come back to us the two men who had so much to do with moulding and organizing the early Christian church. There they stand, Saint James and Saint Paul. The one, Saint James, follows the Christ's example and puts the emphasis on good works: the other, Saint Paul, catches the spirit of the Master and enunciates the central truth of His Gospel. The followers of Channing remind us of Saint James; for they, too, put into practice their great preacher's words and strive most earnestly to make America a happy, healthy, and enlightened land. Emerson reminds us of Saint Paul when he proclaims his belief in the Eternal, through whom we live and move and have our being: the Power that worketh

in us both to will and to do; the Paul, who in a moment of mystic ecstasy, cries out, "I live no more, but Christ in me."

Now if the church lean too far toward either position, then it fails as a power-house for inspiration, or else as a propulsive center for Christ-like deeds.

When we think of that nineteenth-century transitional stage in the history of the religion of New England, we shall always think of the two men who, for their time, occupied the same relative position that Saint Paul and Saint James did. I refer to Emerson and Tuckerman. Emerson, like Saint Paul, was many-sided in his thought. Harvard writes his name over the portals of its Philosophy Hall and thus classes him among the philosophers; others think of him primarily as a man of letters. On the façade of the library building in Washington is carved his face as well as his name, and his bust adorns numerous smaller library buildings throughout the United States. He is studied

as poet, as essayist, as mystic, as psychologist, as one of the reformers of the ages, and, yet, like gifted and versatile Paul, he can best be understood when looked upon simply as a preacher; for preacher he was from first to last, and all his addresses, when analyzed, resolve themselves into sermons.

Joseph Tuckerman, classmate of Channing, and equally ordained to the ministry, found his vocation not in preaching Christianity, but in living it. He was commissioned by the Benevolent Fraternity, the same organization of Unitarians that formerly owned the Morgan Memorial and the North End Union, as well as other chapels for the poor, to go forth throughout the city of Boston as minister-at-large. In that capacity he gave himself unstintedly, and with rare sympathy, to the weak, to the vicious, and to those of whom we speak as "the down and outs." Just as Saint James, in his robust fashion, scathingly denounces mere lip-service in the words, "What shall it profit

though a man say he hath faith and have not works, can faith save him?"—so Tuckerman says, "Christianity is a life, not a scheme of metaphysical abstraction. Its sphere is the heart and the will rather than the brain and imagination."

He has gone, as have the others, yet we remember him, too, as we do Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, in the capacity of a fighter, a fighter for the downtrodden and those who were treated unjustly; a fighter for the right appreciation of the alien, the unlettered emigrant, just then appearing in Boston from abroad; a fighter for the helpless, especially the little children, to whom his heart went out as does that of a tender, loving father. Who can measure the practical good he did? Who find the limits of his influence in the Associated Charities Organization, which sprang up in every city as the result of his untiring labors and his practical experience?

Hundreds have visited the home of the

Concord Sage since I have: yes, hundreds of thousands have gone to Sleepy Hollow as on a pilgrimage and there bent in grateful homage before the grave of Emerson. It is well. Who would have it otherwise? Let us also remember the monument in Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, erected by the contributions of large numbers of people in different churches, and by the small sums given by many among the poor, who were desirous of thus expressing their gratitude to Joseph Tuckerman, "friend and benefactor to all mankind."

At Sleepy Hollow the whispering pines and the winds speak to our inmost soul, saying, "Know ye not that ye are the Temple of the living God?" At Mount Auburn, the clatter and roar of the busy traffic without brings to our consciousness the words, "If a brother or sister be destitute or in want of food, and ye give them not those things needful to the body, what doth it profit?"

The vision. Yes, but also the deed.

The Rising Tide of Liberalism Through Enlargement of Outlook

THE ERA OF CULTURE THE SCIENTIFIC AGE

James Freeman Clarke Minot J. Savage
George A. Gordon

Make me to go in the path of thy commandment.

(Psalm 119. 35)

Give me understanding and I shall keep thy law.

(Psalm 119. 34)

CHAPTER V

Fourth Period, 1845–1920

"THEY have taken away my Lord and I know not where to find him." That despairing cry of Mary Magdalene was echoed and re-echoed in many a believing, trusting heart during the period following our Civil War, a period marked by acrimonious debate between those ready to accept the results of modern science and those stoutly denying the implications contained in the discoveries and teachings of geologists, chemists, and biologists. "They have taken away my Lord and my faith: they have reduced all things to mechanism and I know not where hereafter to look for hope and comfort." Yes, that was the complaint of thousands and thousands of ordinary church members, who had no time themselves, perhaps not

sufficient ability, to study and investigate, and who had, therefore, to rely for their knowledge on magazine and newspaper reports, or upon the utterances of those preachers who put forth the findings of science, or those others who stoutly denied all truth in the doctrines of heredity, survival of the fittest, Lamarckian factors and evolution.

It appeared to the ordinary man, who listened to the sermons, or the lectures of the day, as if he were taken out of the snug little world in which he had formerly lived, a world created not more than six thousand years before, and put into a great, vast universe, moved and governed, not by the Lord Almighty, but moved and governed by immutable law. This lacing and interlacing of law, disclosed by science; this being entwined by it, moved by it, this wondrous, awful, terrible machine of a universe working pitilessly onward, like some giant electric engine, brought no sense of security or of

personal freedom. Rather did it affright the mind and harrow the imagination. Had he known the lines of Wordsworth, this average Christian believer might have burst forth in the indignant protest of the poet:

"I'd rather be a Pagan,
Suckled by a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn."

To such believers, the Reverend Joseph Cook at Tremont Temple, Boston, appealed in his Monday Lectures, a series of "talks", as they were called, that had, as their main object, the refutation of the new conclusions by appeals to scholarship itself. In other words, science was to be refuted by science, and the expounders of the affirmations of Biblical criticism were to be squelched, and utterly overwhelmed by the affirmations of the highest Biblical authorities. It was a most ambitious attempt, this of the Reverend Joseph Cook, and only a man filled with the

sense of his ability to wield any and every sort of a scholarly weapon, would have undertaken it.

Joseph Cook was not dismayed. Did he not have for his committee in charge a state governor and an ex-state governor, a bishop and the heads of three orthodox theological schools? Were there not ministers co-operating? Was he not certain that all he said was being stenographically reported and would reappear in full in London and New York? Yes, he had that assurance. So, to crowded audiences, he spoke, and, as he went on he plentifully interlarded sentences, words, or phrases, from the Latin, from the Greek, from the German, and quoted familiarly what Zeller had said, or Dorner, or Lange, or Tholuck, or Tischendorf. In his prelude to the lectures on "Transcendentalism in New England," the sixtieth in the series, delivered in 1878, I count no less than thirty names of writers, historians, theologians, critics, and men of affairs; Germans, Ameri-

cans, English, French, Roman, Jewish. It is doubtful whether the most erudite person in the audience had acquaintance with even half these quoted authorities.

I go into these details because it is well to see that coming after the period of transcendentalism, of what has been called the period of "fancifulness," there appears the period of pedantry, when it was not thought "correct" to be unacquainted with what Darwin had said, or Huxley had written, or Herbert Spencer; when scientific books were discussed by that class of people who would today talk of automobiles and radio and jazz, and when even the sensational newspaper gave large space to the literary and scientific topics of the times. Of course, there was scholarship, real scholarship, some of the finest and best ever known in the world. For that very reason, there was so much imitation of it; such "posing" on the part of those in society to appear learned and on the part of the popular preacher to serve

as religious food mere scientific or critical hash.

Perhaps as well known as Joseph Cook, perhaps even more widely known, was the Reverend Minot Savage, who from the other end of the city of Boston put forth his scientific gospel. I use the word "gospel" in its correct sense as "good news," for over and over again Minot Savage declared that in the new revelations coming forth from laboratories, and astronomical observatories, and research institutes, there was more to comfort and inspire than ever could be found in any ancient system of theology, whether Christian or non-Christian. This was the thesis maintained all through those years when, as minister for the Church of the Unity, Mr. Savage sent forth his opinions through the printed sermon to every part of the United States.

What was there to inspire? "Let us see," Mr. Savage would say; "examine the two systems, the orthodox one of divine interfer-

ence, and the scientific one of eternal immutableness or law, and tell me if the modern one does not give more comfort, develop more real faith than does the old."

"There is Adam," we will suppose, "the first created man. Now, imagine this Adam stepping forth from the gates of Paradise. Various roads open up before him. Adam selects one, and by and by, *through that selection*, through the exercise of his own free will, he is led into most dangerous places. A river stretches before him which he cannot cross; he kneels down and prays. At once there is a transformation scene. The waters are backed up on either side, and in the pathway thus made, Adam walks safely across and passes on to his journey's end."

"If such miracles should happen," said Mr. Savage, "upon what would Adam himself, in the future, base his confidence? Of what good his experience to Cain and Abel?"

"True," the sons might reply, "such and such things did happen in your day, but will

they happen with us? Can we rely upon them happening? We might follow out exactly what your experience dictates, and unexpectedly, some freak, some capricious, act of Heaven might make all our plans and efforts useless."

"We used to be told," continued Mr. Savage, "that the prayers of the righteous availeth much." It may be, but not in the realm of Nature, for there, steadiness, exactness, order, invariableness must be the rule. If your prayer for sunshine, if my prayer for rain, if our neighbor's prayer for a different wind, affect the Eternal Wisdom so as to change its purpose, why, what the good of so-called knowledge? What the value of books on physics, on navigation, on chemistry, and the like? Could we ever be sure of anything?"

It is as though God were saying to us, "My children, I wish to help you; accordingly I will always act in the same way. If you bring together two atoms of hydrogen

and one of oxygen, you may be sure that the resulting product is water. You may also be certain that this water will always seek its lowest level; hence, it will not sometimes run up hill, then down hill, then become a fluid of an entirely different kind; it will start to freeze and harden at a temperature of 32° F.; it will boil at a temperature of 212° F. You may count with absolute certainty upon these results today, tomorrow, to eternity; in Europe, in Asia, in America, everywhere. For thus do I stamp my will upon the law, the method of action, of this element; thus do I make it easy for you to put absolute trust in Nature and in Nature's way of manifestation." So today we do not lie awake at night wondering whether in the morning our house will be in some other part of the city, or five hundred feet up in the air, or transported to the side of a mountain—and why do we not? Because we have learned to put confidence in what we call the law of gravity, that method of action by

which the earth attracts to itself and holds upon its surface all lesser forms of substance, of matter. Reason as you will, you must admit that the only rational, helpful way in which this universe can be ruled is by law, or, if you prefer, by machine-like method.

The best way, too, for us to gain knowledge of such law is by our own attempts, by our own choice, by our own failures, and sufferings, and by our own successes: in a word, by personal experience. Only thus can it be said that we truly have liberty, only thus are we free moral agents. "Love is, therefore, shown through law."

"*Love through law and life through struggle.*" In that affirmation there is summed up the contribution made by science to religious thinking."

God the Eternal, so science proclaims, is to be thought of not as mere arbitrary authority, not as a capriciously acting sovereign; not as the Lord Jehovah with the human passions of anger, mercifulness,

jealousy, and the like. No, nor must it be supposed that Deity can be moved, changed, influenced, thwarted, cajoled, or compelled by prayer of monk, or eloquence of preacher, or by any ceremony whatsoever, whether conducted by mediating priest, presbyter, or prophet. Ours it is to render obedience to immutable law, to Nature's ways of manifestation, and why? So that in our hands the instruments of power may be placed whereby, if we wish, we can fly up into the air, burrow through mountains, sit in the electric blaze of light, though darkness surrounds us, hear the music from far off distant places, speak to friends a thousand miles away, and possess the ability to use the chemic and kinetic rays of the sun in order to develop our photographs, to heat our houses, and to make plants grow the size and color we prefer.

Unhappily, the younger preachers that imitated Mr. Savage (and I am frank to say, Mr. Savage himself, at times) became

so absorbed with the magnitude of the scientific revelation that their sermons partook too much of the characteristics of lectures, and their pulpits seemed more like professors' desks than like centers of spiritual inspiration. The religion of New England, as interpreted by the liberal churches, appeared to be sidetracked. The ministers and people had wandered off the roadway of practical helpfulness, so conspicuous in the quarter of a century before the Civil War. They became absorbed in academic and theoretical interests and questions. No strong note of religious affirmation was struck by them that appealed directly to the plain good-sense, or the strong emotions of the average man; and yet, their work was not in vain, for that seemingly barren period held within itself much of permanent value. Had it not been for these scholarly presentations from the pulpit, these so-called "secular lectures," that same average man today would know little or nothing about the higher aspects of

scientific statements. He still would believe in a real conflict between science and religion; he still would think of Huxley, Tyndall, Darwin, Lyell, Spencer as godless men whose teachings subvert the principles of Christianity. No more are we hearing that first cry of dismay, "They have taken away my Lord," for now it is known, except in isolated sections, that while there may be differences of interpretation, there is no conflict, nor can there ever be between the truths of science and those of religion.

Let us return now to the main stream of religious development before it separates into the two diverging channels of transcendentalism on the one hand, and philanthropic activity on the other.

The minister in direct line of succession to Channing, i.e., the preacher who took Channing's two great affirmations, the Fatherhood of God, the dignity and improvableness of man, and made them the center of all he said and all he did, was James Free-

man Clarke, grandson of the James Freeman, who had led the revolt at King's Chapel and transformed that ancient Episcopal Church into one strongly Congregational in polity and Unitarian in theology.

James Freeman Clarke, it was said, represented the distinctive culture of Boston. What was meant by that remark?

The discipline which is acquired through mental and moral training, the enlightenment of heart and brain which comes by such training, is called culture. In truest sense, it may be said that James Freeman Clarke was an exponent of culture. In him is seen the ripest product of Puritanism.

It must never be forgotten that Harvard College was founded to train ministers. The Puritans believed in an educated clergy, and that emphasis upon scholarship has never been lessened. Young Clarke, of course, went to Harvard, entering the college in 1825 and graduating four years later. His was the famous class immortalized years afterward

in Oliver Wendell Holmes' poem of "The Boys." These especial lines of that poem refer to James Freeman Clarke:

"You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun,
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him, laughs loudest of all."

It would be a pleasant excursion from our main theme to tell of the Church of the Disciples, organized by Clarke on his return to Boston from his pastorate at Louisville, Kentucky, especially to tell of those Wednesday evening "conversations" indulged in most seriously by the various educated and progressive people of the city. Possibly no one gathering for talk and for an exchange of ideas had more to do with fastening upon Boston the title of "the Athens of America," than this held under the wise leadership of

Clarke. In his description of those meetings are the words, "We have no speech-making; we sit in a circle and no one rises to speak. The meetings have educated the church to thought and to its expression."

In his book on "Self Culture" we have revealed Clarke's method of personal development of what may be called the approach to the higher life. "There is need," he tells us, "of developing the reflective powers, of educating the affections and the temper, and of giving time and attention to reading. The moral influence of good books is very great. They purify the taste, elevate the character, make low pleasures unattractive and carry the soul up into a region of noble aims and generous purposes. All first-class books are eminently moral. Homer, Shakespeare, Plato, Dante, are pure in their spirit and elevate the character. No one can make a thorough study of such books without being a better man. Let us thank God for books."

In his monumental volume, "The Ten Great Religions," Clarke strove to give to his own people and to the general public a more sympathetic feeling toward other races and other creeds. It was most essential, for with many persons, religion was thought of as merely co-extensive with Christianity. It consisted of but one single, revealed type. The terms "Mohammedan," "Pagan," "Buddhist," were about on a level with the word "atheist," or "infidel." There was a certain lofty pity for these heathen who, in the darkness of their souls, bowed down to wood and stone, but never anything like respect or proper understanding. To put, then, their beliefs on the same plane with Christianity seemed almost sacrilege; to ask for a sympathetic and appreciative study of what Confucius had said, what Sakya-Muni had taught, what Mohammed had written in the Koran, was almost like asking for a sympathetic study of imposture, falsehood, deviltry.

I said that Clarke took the two great affirmations of Channing and made them his own. Yes, in imitation of the "Five points of Calvinism," he added three more statements, making five in all. These five have been accepted by every Unitarian Church in America: they succinctly sum up what is commonly believed:

I believe in the Fatherhood of God.
In the Brotherhood of Man.
In the Leadership of Jesus.
In Salvation by Character.
In the progress of Mankind onward and upward forever.

An interesting sidelight is thrown on the influence of James Freeman Clarke as an apostle of culture by recalling one of his ardent admirers, a man, who, in after years, obtained wide recognition in connection with the Civil War. I refer to Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Higginson was undoubtedly induced to enter the ministry through the preaching of Theodore Parker,

and the direct contact with Clarke. Soon after his settlement as incumbent of the First Religious Society of Newburyport, Mass., Higginson organized a literary club, made up mostly of the younger women of his own church. One of these, in after years, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, became quite a celebrity. Her ability was brought to light by a very daring and original essay on "Hamlet," which won first prize offered by Higginson and his friends.

The unconventionality which was beginning to creep into formal clerical order and usage is well shown by a little incident of the times as related by the present minister of the Newburyport church, Laurence Hayward. Higginson was fond of dress, and among other articles he had made was a fashionable overcoat of gray tweed, with a cap of the same material. His sister admired him in this garb, but implored him not to wear it to Newburyport. "It is so unclerical it will ruin your prospects." "Let

him wear it," interposed the mother, "if they cannot stand that clothing, they can never stand its wearer."

When young Higginson was about to enter upon his new duties, he asked the parish to do away with the usual ordaining council. This was done, and in place of the visiting clergymen to take the accustomed parts, there was only William Henry Channing on the pulpit platform, who preached the installation sermon, emphasizing in his "Gospel of Today" the need of the new minister giving special attention to the sociological and economic problems that awaited solution.

It is necessary now to give attention to one of the three oldest Puritan churches of Boston, viz., that which from its location came to be called the "Old South." In theology it still retained the ancient standards as well as the time honored forms and the manner of conducting Sunday services. With no disparagement, the Old South can truly be called the last stronghold of Calvin-

ism in Boston, the center of religious conservatism.

Speaking of the time when he became the minister of the Old South, the Reverend George A. Gordon had this to say, "Completely and honorably sincere as the orthodox body was in Massachusetts, a more provincial or unenlightened mind upon the nature of religion in general and of Christianity in particular, probably never existed than in my denominational environment in those painful early years of my ministry in Boston. Among the conservatives there was no learning, nor any desire for it, no high intellect, nor any regard for it. The New England scheme of theology was fighting its last battle; its generals without skill; its army ineffectual."

George A. Gordon stood in his "Old South" pulpit for over forty years. What he did in that time to liberate and lift his own parishioners from the lower and petty level upon which they stood cramped, to the

higher and wider plain upon which they now stand, is too well known to need explanation or comment. What, however, I do wish to dwell upon is the influence exerted by Gordon's sermons to lessen the old belief in a capricious and undependable God; who, to show mercy or favor, works now and again in most unexpected ways by what is called providential interference or miracle.

Minot Savage, as we have seen, preached toward this same end, but he used the weapons of science, and approached more nearly to the cold, intellectual school teacher than to the measure of the stature of the trusting, loving Rabbi of Galilee. George A. Gordon used the method of the philosopher, a method less stark and startling. Gordon could temper what he had to say by quick humor. Minot Savage could not; hence the minister of the Old South took many a sting away, and kept himself from being so violently opposed. Take, for example, in that tense moment in the ecclesiastical council

when Gordon is on trial for his faith and when one of his inquisitors, lawyer-like, asks the young minister what he means by affirming that the sinner has a part in his own conversion. "What part?" he demands, "what part? Did the man with the withered hand whom Jesus healed have any part in the healing?" After a pause, during which the excitement becomes intense, the minister answers, "Yes, he had a hand in it." The sudden laughter which followed this sally of wit can easily be imagined.

America has produced no more acute philosophical mind than that of William James. He was one of Gordon's teachers at Harvard, as was also that master of Greek literature and metaphysics, George H. Palmer. These men helped to give bent and direction to Gordon's thinking. In a way, through him they still speak. "You and I," said William James in a letter to Gordon, written in 1907, "seem to be working along with most other decent people toward the

same end—the Kingdom of Heaven namely. You more openly and immediately." Again in 1909, James wrote, "I have just finished reading your 'Religion and Miracle' . . . superabounding in moral and rhetorical momentum. I should think it would have a strong effect upon the church. . . . I found myself wondering, as I read, how much your very respectable Old South congregation really relished the wild-horse freedom of some of your rushes of feeling and thought. They must feel a little breathless, like poor Mazeppa."

"How times have changed in theology! How could people ever have taken these paltry miracles as the corner stone of the whole system? God's credentials, "forsooth, Bah!"

. . . . . .

Gordon is the last conspicuous representative of that theological system which, coming to us from our Pilgrim-Puritan ancestors, is so intimately interwoven with our present

thinking and religious experiences. All honor to him for having brought up the lagging, conservative church ranks to a position where there is now almost union between the two divisions of the original religious army, separated as they were, and marching with uneven steps ever since the days of John Adams and Jonathan Mayhew.

Doctor Gordon has answered by his own life and fine character the question sometimes doubtingly put: Is liberty of opinion consistent with deep religious feeling—with piety? Where, I ask, in all the annals of America's preachers, saints, and citizens, can you find a more shining example of consecration to the highest, of personal fervor, of honesty of thought, and of noble Christian manhood than in George A. Gordon?

It speaks much for the value and permanency of any religious system when, in a city like Boston, there can, at one and the same time, be three interpreters of that system occupying different pulpits, and equally

dedicated to the search for truth and to its application for man's good. There they stand: Minot Savage in the pulpit of the Church of the Unity, reflective, intellectual, approaching the truth through the portals of science; James Freeman Clarke in the pulpit of the Church of the Disciples, studious, refined, mellow, finding the truth through scholarly meditation, through exalted literature, through culture; Dr. George A. Gordon, leonine, rugged, like some mountain torrent at times, finding his gospel largely through the gateway of Christian metaphysics, through philosophy. These three were all agreed in the language of Gordon, that the will of the Eternal Power must (in its ultimate analysis) be a will of creative love: a will forever on the side of our whole humanity, having one supreme goal, viz., to bring all men up, by a process of development, until all have come unto the measure of the stature of the fullness which was in Christ.

Do you agree with these three men? Do you share their hope and faith?

Lastly, each in his own way found inspiration at the same source, found reason and authority for a belief in the goodness of the Lord and in the improvableness of man. Let them differ, as they did in phraseology, in manner of interpretation, each bowed in reverence before Him who is acknowledged the Master of souls, and together they could repeat in unison the verses of Theodore Parker:

"O Thou, great friend to all the sons of men,

. . . . . .

We look to Thee. Thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night;
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day."

Yes: thou art still the life; thou art the way
The holiest know,—light, life, and way of heaven;

And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the light, life, way, which thou hast given.

Significant Reactions

(a) Toward form and ceremony
(b) Toward mysticism
(c) Toward simplification

Edward Everett Hale Mary Baker Eddy

I fear lest your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ.
(II Corin. 11. 3)

God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.
(II Timothy 1. 7)

CHAPTER VI

Fourth Period, 1845–1920 (*Continued*)

WE have now reached a point in our examination of the religion of New England when there is need to take into account certain outside factors that bear strongly upon the prevailing Puritan-Pilgrim system, and either modify it greatly, or change its general direction: indeed it may be necessary to go deeper and ask—Is the original religious impulse well-nigh spent by the close of the nineteenth century, or is there still within it a sufficient propelling force for further delevopment?

Not every one is moved by truth, by the intellectual discussions which arise concerning what is so or what is not so. The artist, the musician, the person of good taste, is

much more moved by what is beautiful, harmonious, agreeable, than by intellectual syllogisms, or by theological statements that appeal primarily to the reason.

Calvinism, as a system of thought, as a method of salvation, absorbed the interest of the Puritan to the exclusion of almost everything else. In its principles, he found sufficient food for his imagination, for his hopes and fears, for his argumentative proclivities, and for much else besides; but he found little in it to gratify his æsthetic longings—if he had any: very little to develop his appreciation of church music, and still less to give to his mode of worship liturgical expression, dignity, order and a vital sense of connection with historic Christianity. Especially was there lacking any sympathy with that half-mythical, half-mystical time of saints, and miracle-working missionaries, when Christianity was taking on form and organizing itself.

What wonder, then, that Episcopacy, after

its partial eclipse, just after the Revolutionary War, should reappear? What wonder that it should show itself, not only under the simple "low church" form, approaching somewhat the Congregational service, but also, under the "high church" ceremonial-form; the logical protest, if you please, against bareness, austerity, æsthetic bleakness; the reaction against the continual appeal to the understanding; protest, too, against an intellectual agitation which meant, too often, controversy and storm and stress in the church; where, instead, there should be quiet, and reflection and a hush of dispute to help generate the atmosphere of worship. The organization of the Church of the Advent in Boston was the necessary outcome of the one-sided emphasis of Puritanism.

Doctor Oliver's book on the "Parish of the Advent," indicates the spirit of the men and women who organized that parish. "The time seems to have come," says the account,

"to throw off the shackles that have bound the church to Puritan tradition and to reaffirm, by a more distinctive teaching and ritual, the Catholic doctrines always held by the Anglican church."

In that last sentence, "*always held by the Anglican church,*" you have the strong affirmation of the dogma of infallible truth, once committed to the saints. Having the truth through divine revelation, there is no need to study and ponder on the new scientific statements, nor is there particular value in theological discussions. No, there is only the need to study that truth as enunciated by the Episcopal church in its creeds, dogmas and prayerbook, and to illustrate and vivify it by means of symbols, ceremonials, processionals, special Saints' Day services, Holy Communion, and morning worship.

Doctor Cadman, in answering a question regarding new religious movements, has this to say: "If one wishes to be ahead of his times, he must pay the penalty. New truth,

to get a popular hearing, must be at least thirty years old."

The Church of the Advent, then, according to Doctor Cadman's statement, was organized some thirty years too soon in order to acquire popular favor: at the first, the bishop was against it, influential Episcopalians were against it, and, of course, the prevailing Congregational sentiment did not favor it, rather was it held up to ridicule, or violently opposed. In obscure neighborhoods, therefore, the rector and his few followers continued to hold on until, by and by, sentiment changed and enough people were found willing to give freely in order to help build a more attractive edifice on a suitable church site. It was not until Palm Sunday of 1883 that the parish was able to hold its first service in the completed church on Brimmer Street—almost forty, instead of the thirty years allowed by Doctor Cadman's estimate for success.

One fact must here be noted, a fact all too

likely to be obscured. The rector and people of the parish of the Advent were fighting that same battle in which the Puritans had been engaged. It was the battle of independency. They asserted and maintained that high churchmen, as well as low churchmen, had rights in Massachusetts. This assertion of theirs, to order their Sunday services in their own way, seems like an echo of that strong note of freedom sounded forth by Puritan of Salem, by Pilgrim of Plymouth, at the very beginning of colonial times. Of course, it could not be denied in this liberty-loving section of our land.

Whether the notable trend toward the high church position in Episcopacy has been of advantage or not, we cannot say, nor ought we to try to say; but this can be said without danger of misstatement, that the influence of the high church toward form and ceremony has affected the mode and style of worship in New England Congregational churches in a way that even fifty years ago

would have been thought impossible. Take, for example, the two oldest Puritan churches in Boston—the First and the Second. In them the central pulpit has disappeared. There is a chancel, and in it the communion table occupies a conspicuous place; there are stained glass windows and tablets and symbolic hangings of rich material, and the Sunday morning service includes besides the former singing of Congregational hymns, the chants and glorias sung by the choir. There is a developed liturgy and antiphonal verses by the minister and people: in short, there is more adornment, more form and stated observances than was originally in the Church of the Advent when it fell under the condemnation of the bishop for its too close imitation of what was held to be Roman Catholic and Popish.

Is this greater formalism in line with the natural development of the religion of New England, or is it just an episode? Does it mean that at last a large part of man's

nature, the æsthetic side, has asserted itself and will not be satisfied unless, hereafter, it is rightly represented in church services; or, does it mean, as some contend, that there is a lessening of the prophetic spirit, and, almost in proportion to the loss of vision, has there come, to take its place, uninspired conventionalism? So Edward Everett Hale held; so he asserted; so he wrote and acted as a representative of Congregationalism. Never did he feel quite at home when participating in the elaborate service of the Second Church; never did he think it was wise and proper for churches that had to fight so long and strenuously for liberty, simplicity, and freedom as had these original Puritan ones, to return again to the former ecclesiastical limitations, and establish in New England a weak imitation of the Episcopalian forms of old England.

Hale's constant fear was that, through ceremonial, the Congregational body would again develop sacerdotalism, and thus lose

direct control of the activities as well as the government of the church. "Never lose your sympathy with all sorts and conditions of people," he told me when he came out to San Francisco to help in the dedication of our new Unitarian church: "Make much of your notices from the pulpit," was another piece of advice he gave, and I find this suggestion in his printed lectures to the Harvard students. "Yes," he would continue, "bring to the attention of the gathered congregation on Sunday morning all the excellent activities you are carrying on—and there should be excellent activities. Read what the women are doing in their Friendly Society: tell about the Japanese students at your lecture, and how you are teaching them something about American liberty. Be sure to have a report regarding the way the trustees spent the money contributed for the poor, or what the deacons are doing for the education of colored boys in the South: emphasize the need of joining

the Good Government Association, or ask how many appointed for the purpose visited the Children's Hospital: in short, stir up your people to the work of bringing God's kingdom here on earth. That is your mission as a Congregational minister, and not an absorbing interest in ecclesiastical millinery, in genuflections and in the latest fads and fashion of intoning the Lord's prayer."

It seems to me as if I never met Hale but what he had some philanthropic scheme on foot; some Armenian, or other Asiatic, that he wanted to foist upon me, or make our church adopt. His interest in mankind was wide, it included everybody. One Sunday night I found him in an unrented building on Huntington Avenue talking most earnestly to a little group of men and women on the importance of organizing in Boston a Church of the Good Samaritan. There is where his interests lay, in making the church founded by the Puritans a Church of Good Samaritans. If ever the poem of Abou Ben

Adhem had meaning, that meaning is to be found in the life and ministry of Edward Everett Hale. Surely we can write of him on the Tablet of Fame: "One who loves his fellow-men."

The next great burst of religious interest and practice to notice, seems, at first sight, as far removed from the parent stem of Puritanism as high church Episcopacy, and, yet, it is not; for we shall find a very intimate connection between the teaching which led to the formation of the Christian Science Church, and the basic idea of liberal Congregationalism: more, the main affirmation of Mary Baker Eddy is that of Ralph Waldo Emerson. "God shines through all commonplaces and all mysteries, enlightening man from within," said the Concord Seer. Words very similar might be quoted from a dozen places in the textbook of "Science and Health." Channing stated and restated the fact that man's reason and conscience are divine witnesses to truth and right: so, too,

does Mrs. Eddy stress this same idea, and both unite, as in harmonious song, in declaring that the temple of the Lord is holy, which temple man is.

Again I ask, as in the case of Channing, how largely is our thinking influenced by those around us, by our intellectual environment, by what is read, or heard, by what may be called the *Zeitgeist*—the spirit of the times? How largely, back of all, by heredity, by our sensitivity to mental stimuli? If you are now better able to answer these questions, then you can explain Mrs. Eddy: if you can give reasonable answers to some of these questions, then you have helped, in part, to make clear her personality.

Before we attempt to answer, or even enter into details regarding Mrs. Eddy's life, I ask you to turn with me to inquire into the influence exerted on New England's religious system by the feminine heart and mind preceding the advent of "the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science" upon the

stage of current affairs. So far, we have been tracing almost exclusively the organizations developed by men: we know their ideas regarding government and public action: we have read their formulated creeds and listened to their sermons: but what can be said about their mothers, wives, sisters and daughters? Did they count as ciphers? Were the Puritan women meekly receptive, did they accept all that was preached and taught without demur? Did they in no way count directly or indirectly in shaping thought, or moulding religious opinion? We get our reply in the earliest years of the Massachusetts colony when we recall Ann Hutchinson, to whom we have already referred, and the controversies excited by what she said, taught, and was; by remembering, too, one of her enthusiastic followers, afterward turned Quaker, Mary Dyer; if we do not care to spend too much time studying the women of the seventeenth century, we can come to the latter part of the nineteenth

century, and remember the memorable and influencing addresses delivered from various denominational pulpits by such strong New England personalities as Julia Ward Howe and Mary A. Livermore.

Ann Hutchinson must not be thought of as just an ordinary woman of average intellect with a bias toward eccentricity. No, far from it. She represents the well-to-do, highly respectable, English type of Puritan times. She and her husband were members of the old Saint Botolph Church in Boston, England, over which the Reverend John Cotton presided. Her friends in this new land were among the influential. Sir Henry Vane, her admirer and defender, was one such, and the Cottons, of course, where she found home and shelter until the Hutchinson house was built, befriended her and made much of her standing and abilities; that is, they did until Mistress Ann got into trouble because of her teaching, and then, they followed an all too common precedent,—they deserted her.

For a time all went well. The Hutchinson house came to be the resort for "the best people." Not only for them; it became, as well, the center for all women whose children were ailing, for all those who were depressed in mind, for the homesick, and the heart-sick, for the timid and imaginative, those fearful regarding their souls' salvation and the future of their loved ones. A strong, radiant personality at any time exerts an influence: in those dark, dreary winter days in an inhospitable climate, such as these English people were finding that of Eastern Massachusetts to be; a vibrant, resourceful personality exerts an untold power, much like a ray of God's sunshine in a dark and damp house. Mistress Ann brought the healthful breezes of heaven indoors; gave life, more abundant life. Of course, she worked miracles, or so it almost seemed. How could it be otherwise? She landed in Boston with the reputation of being skilled in medicine, and of being at the same time a re-

markable nurse, able to do wonders with stricken children. Stories grow by what they feed upon, so we need not be surprised at the exaggerated statements of the neighbors regarding her power, nor the further fact that her words were listened to with awe, as though inspired by heaven.

And what were those words she spoke?

We, today, would consider them just practical, good-sense expressions: they might be classed under two divisions. The "Don'ts" —the "Do's." Don't worry, don't imagine all sorts of fearful things: don't be anxious over the question of your soul's salvation: don't think your child is going to die every time it has a cold or a fever: don't be depressed in spirit and annoy your husband. So much for the "don'ts." Now what "do"? Well, first, dedicate your life to God, or rather, try to get the grace of God in your heart; then you need not worry about your actions, your religious duties, for you will be guided and illuminated to do what is right

and proper without sin. Yes, make a covenant with the Lord that you will keep your being free from wrong thought: let the divine spirit play through you, relax, become passive. You will soon find that the harassing details of your life are smoothing out, are becoming simplified.

If we were living back in that seventeenth century, we might say that Ann Hutchinson was insisting upon the efficacy of the "Covenant of Grace," the doctrine that the Holy Ghost dwells in every believer, and that the revelation thus accorded is superior to the ministry of the word and frees us from the covenant by works; accordingly we do not have to strive, wrestle in prayer, and painstakingly watch our actions to see if they are actuated by Satan or the divine Spirit. No, our actions will square with our right thoughts. Of course, this was heresy to the masculine Puritan mind. What would be the use of sermons, hymns, prayers, and religious conferences, of the whole long list of

"works," if Mrs. Ann Hutchinson's theory prevailed? Yes, what?

Mary Dyer comes next as a revealer of the feminine heart and mind. She, with her husband, William Dyer, came to Boston in 1635, at about the time when the Hutchinson family were getting into trouble because of the insistence of Mistress Ann on her right—a Puritan right, be it observed—in her own house to speak as she pleased and to invite to that house any of her friends. Mistress Dyer was one of the invited, and very soon, she, too, became infected with the doctrine of grace. Mary had courage, there is no doubt of that, and a ready tongue, and very soon she was preaching and telling to her neighbors what she had learned from Mistress Ann. When the charges of heresy were brought against her teacher, Mrs. Dyer was always at hand to lend support to her friend, and, after the banishment of the Hutchinson family, she boldly praised Mistress Ann "to the great scandal of the community." As

time went on, Mrs. Dyer became a Quaker and testified to "the witness of the inner light" in the most uncompromising fashion.

"Are you the same Mary Dyer that was here before?" questioned Governor Endicott.

"I am."

"Do you know you are under sentence of death?"

"I do, and I came back to remind you of the unrighteousness of your laws and to warn you to repent."

"Are you still a Quaker?"

"I am still reproachfully so called."

"Tomorrow at nine o'clock I order that you shall be hanged."

"This sounds like something you said before."

. . . . . .

Reverend Francis G. Peabody tells us that one of the most striking characteristics of Christian theology is the subordinate place assigned to the doctrine of the Holy Ghost. The Trinitarian formula announces the re-

lationship of three equal manifestations of Deity, and the Christian is told to honor and praise each in the same degree. Will any one say that, in these nineteen centuries of organization, the church has placed anything like the emphasis upon the third person of the Trinity it has upon the second person, or even upon the saints? Why is this so? Is it because, as we stated, the creeds and doctrines of the church reflect so largely the masculine type of thought?

You have heard, have you not, one of Wagner's operas, let us say, The Niebelungen Trilogy, with its three or more determining motifs—such as the Wotan, the Siegfried and the darker Hagen motif. By and by, amid the crash and confusion of these, as you will remember, there sounds forth, beautiful in melody, the Sieglinde love motif; almost to be lost amid the din and hurry of giants, gods, and Rhine gnomes. It is not lost; it appears now here, now there, in most unexpected phases, in strange combinations,

until at last, surrendering its peculiar identity, it is interwoven with the other motifs to become an integral part of the whole.

So it was with the Quaker movement here in Massachusetts and Rhode Island. It is the "love death" motif in the case of poor Mary Dyer, led to the scaffold on Boston Common. Hardly heard in the strenuous years following her execution are her dying words, testimony to the inner light, yet they are not lost. As a witness to that inner light that lighteneth every man passing through the world, Mary Dyer's example, like the Sieglinde theme, persisted until in time it became, it is now, a part of the New England heritage, and helps give roundness and harmony to its religion.

Where do we get our ideas? That was the question we were asking in regard to Mary Baker Eddy. Would she have thought as she did had she been differently born; in Louisiana, let us say, instead of New Hampshire? Had there been no Quaker influence in this

country, had there been no Ann Hutchinson, or Ann Lee?

Ann Lee was the strong personality in the nineteenth century that organized and led the Shakers, a communistic people of fine intent. Ann Lee, like Ann Hutchinson, was an English woman (coming to New York state from Manchester, England). She was always spoken of as Mother Ann: it was supposed that she represented on earth the female Christ, according to the prophecy that Christ's second coming would be in the form of a woman. When she died, her followers were greatly depressed, as well they might be, for they had held with intense conviction that her power was sufficient to overcome death. Afterward it was asserted that Mother Ann, like the male Christ, had simply cast off the "illusion" of flesh, but was still alive and visible to the spiritual if not to the mental vision.

Now, when Mary Baker Eddy was a girl at the impressionable age of fifteen, or

thereabouts, she lived in the township of Bow, not more than a few miles from the Shaker settlement at Canterbury, N. H. Was she unacquainted with these Shakers and their peculiar views? Is it likely that she never heard of their declaration regarding divinity, as revealed through the Eternal Mother—the "bearing spirit of all the creation of God in heavenly love"? Certainly, she must have heard on the lips of some one or other, the phrases so generally used by the Shakers—"Ann Lee is the type of God's motherhood," as well as the title, "The Father-Mother God." How largely was she impressed by these assertions?

Come next to the influence of the prevailing thought of the times; what was in the air; what was spoken about and generally discussed. To what extent did the common topics of conversation and excitement make their impression upon the sensitive, nervous system of the maiden Mary? To how great an extent did she agree with the beliefs of

those around her, the neighbors, the acquaintances?

Mesmerism was one of the absorbing topics in the middle of the last century, say anywhere between 1838 and 1858. So, too, spiritualism and the strange acts of the Fox sisters. Clairvoyance and the mystical, supernatural powers of the mind were playing a great part in people's interests, especially in the rural sections of New England. Emerson and the transcendentalists had unloosed the flood-gates of fancy and of chaotic thinking; in consequence, there was animated gossip at every corner-grocery gathering, and at every isolated farm-house regarding those abstruse metaphysical topics; now the subject for careful and profound study. In 1837, that peripatetic writer and garrulous talker, Charles Poyen, published his book on "Animal Magnetism." He it was who at New Hampshire cross-road centers, and in the out-of-the-way sections of Maine, talked authoritatively upon the powers of the mind

over matter. Somewhat later, Andrew Jackson Davis, an illiterate youth, working for a shoemaker in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., commenced to give forth communications of questionable value. These attracted attention and were the first of a series of revelations through trances which came to him. His "talks" in New York City were reported, and, of course, magnified more or less. Rural New England gaped and wondered at what seemed miracles performed by these modern prophets and necromancers, these announcers of strange and unaccountable phenomena. Did Mary know nothing of all this? Was she deaf to the interminable talk of housewives and farmers about mesmerism and clairvoyance? Did she take no interest in what was said or in what was believed? Did she never join in the discussions? Would you say so after reading some of her articles written years afterward for the Christian Science Journal?

The Shaker community at Canterbury did

not employ doctors because the members did not believe in the efficacy of drugs. God would heal—"the divine principle"—the normal vitality of nature. Why then resort to man-made restoratives? Why take medicine?

Again the question arises: Did Mary have no knowledge of the prevailing practice among the Shakers? What was thought of this method of healing in the household where she lived?

Then, there is the well attested fact of Mrs. Eddy's visit to the former mesmerist, P. P. Quimby of Portland, Maine, who at the time of this visit was a successful mental healer, having evolved a system of his own through long study of Bishop Berkeley's ideal philosophy and certain passages of the Bible. Is the textbook "Science and Health" to be attributed to what Mrs. Eddy learned from Doctor Quimby? Is it a mere reflection of the opinion of others, or is the foundation idea contained in "Science and Health" all her own?

Personally, I make less of this borrowing than do many others. We all borrow. How much or how little we scarcely know. Emerson is accused of gaining his ideas from the ancients. The genius of Shakespeare, I hold, is no less his because he borrowed Italian plots: yes, words, phrases, even scenes. These he touched with the glow of his own animating personality, and lo! they live, and will continue to live.

Though terms abound in "Science and Health" which seem to prove conclusively that they are Quimby's, yet, the setting is different, the design different, and the system which has grown out of "Science and Health" is due to the unique personality of the woman who, as I think, rightly calls herself the Founder of the Christian Science cult.

Do you remember Emerson's words quoted in a former address? Let me repeat them. "Mind is supreme, eternal and one. It is manifold, subtle, living, immanent in all

things, self-manifesting. The universe is the result of mind. . . . From the primal mind we have the ability to draw virtue, prudence, heroism, wisdom, all the necessary qualities." Let me add another quotation: "Never wrong people with your dismal views; never name sickness, even if you could trust yourself on that perilous topic."

I asked Mrs. Eddy one afternoon, when we were talking on the subject of her plans, whether she cared much for the teachings of Emerson, to me, the greatest of New England's inspirers. Her reply was vague, the subject did not interest her and we soon drifted away from it, or rather, she did, for our conversations were really monologues. I listened, she talked, but—I am anticipating. Let me say here that in the first year of my ministry in Denver, Colorado, I attended the lectures on mental healing given by a Mr. Sherman, who came out from Boston as Mrs. Eddy's representative. Those who were present at the same time, and who had paid a large

fee for the privilege were, to a great extent, from my congregation. Soon afterward, I delivered in my church three lectures entitled, "The Mind Cure—What it is." These lectures were published in full by the leading daily paper with editorial comment; reprinted in the Omaha Bee, and in one of the Salt Lake City journals. They gave me, if anything, too much conspicuousness as an interpreter of "a new-fangled notion, very destructive to real religion," as the pastor of the Denver Baptist Church phrased it. At the solicitation of one of my wealthy members, I returned to Boston in order to call upon Mrs. Eddy and judge at first hand, as well as I could, of the value of her teaching and practice. It is well that I made notes of that visit, and of my impressions; for if I had not, much, in the years since then, would have been forgotten. Mrs. Eddy in 1886–87 was living at 571 Columbus Avenue. The office was in the parlor on the first floor, and while in conversation with her, we sat in

the bay window. Always the talk was on Christian Science, never on anything else, except for the shortest time.

"She is a woman of one idea almost to wearisomeness," is an entry in my note-book. "She is not a reader, or does not betray knowledge of books and authors," is another of my notes. "She has abundant determination. She wants absolute obedience. I can imagine if I accepted her offer to come on to Boston and lecture at Chickering Hall, I would have to be her slave; yet there is a sweetness about the woman, too, and she can make herself very agreeable as she did on the afternoon when she invited me to go out driving with her. I notice that she keeps an eye on things. She puzzles me by her double nature. She is vague in expression and gets mixed up in her sentences; logic doesn't count. It's a tremendous assertion, she wants me to swallow, when she declares that 'Science and Health' supplements the New Testament. I gather from her ram-

blings that she believes in something like a Devil. That seems odd after her talk on the One Divine Mind. If she doesn't believe in a Devil, then what does she mean by malicious animal magnetism? I give it up."

How Mrs. Eddy would impress me today, I cannot say. Whether it is fair to quote my opinion of her when I was still in my twenties and without experience, I do not know. Of course, that early opinion has been modified, or rather, from after acquaintance with her books and her activities, it has been rounded out, and, I hope, made more correct. I am lecturing on the subject of the religion of New England, and not on the life and methods of any one teacher, writer, revivalist, or minister. Therefore, it is not for me to say what ought, or ought not to be the opinion we should hold of the founder of Christian Science. My only reason for having said as much as I have concerning the personality of Mrs. Eddy is to have some background for my statements regarding the system she claims as her own.

If Mrs. Eddy takes full responsibility for that system, and of course she does, then surely at one time, while writing it out so as to put it in permanent print, she must have been under the spell of witchcraft if you wish to call it so, i.e., under the belief in a strange hidden power to work mischief, conspicuously noticeable in the writings of Cotton Mather, and in his after actions so cruelly manifested in the Salem persecutions. How, otherwise, are we to interpret the following words in "Science and Health"—"The aggressive features of animal magnetism are coming to the front. The looms of crime, hidden in the dark recesses of mortal thought, are, every hour, webs more complicated and subtle. So secret are its present methods that they ensnare the age into indolence, and produce the very apathy on this subject *which the criminal desires.*" Here we have a real "error," the assertion that the mind, or thought, of some one person can weave a web of harm, of positive malignity, around an-

other person; making it so effective that in time that other person will have become weak, ill, and die. Christian Scientists of today, largely, if not wholly, ignore this doctrine of animal magnetism so akin, in its character, to that known in early Puritan days as sorcery or witchcraft.

Truly has it been said that there is one thing even more valuable than bodily health, and that is intellectual integrity, and the love for truth.

Passing by minor criticism of this kind, which, after all, might be made of many other characters in history, let me say that Mrs. Eddy did a positive good when she brought mental healing out of obscurity, and gave it place and dignity. She it was who built up an organization to make it known. What is most important of all, she gave to that organization a truly religious basis.

Unitarians had been saying, "We live in God": their favorite text at about the period when Emerson was at his prime was, "Know

ye not that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?" Sermon after sermon dwelt on this intimacy and the communion possible between the Eternal Spirit, source and center of power, and man's spirit. There it ended. It was merely an intellectual phrase, accepted by the intellect, but small practical use was made of the belief.

Along came certain plain people, "certain untrained, unlettered people," as the cultivated Brahman class of Boston condescendingly called them, and took Emerson's words literally, took the New Testament statements literally, and simply said to one another, "Well, if God has indeed given unto us not the spirit of fear but of power and of love and of a sound mind, then it is for us to make the most of this inward divine power; for in and through it we may have health, we may have strength, we may have success and happiness. Ours it is to cultivate a cheery, hopeful habit of mind."

It was this idea of the eternal universal

mind as health, as goodness, that seized upon Mrs. Eddy. It was always with her and with a tremendous intensity. It was the one idea she wished to talk about, write about, preach about, and have accepted. What if she was narrow, impetuous at times, even domineering; what if she brooked no opposition and insisted on developing an organization in accordance with her desires. All that counts for little now over against the fact that she gave practical expression to a great and helpful truth, and that she was able to state that truth in a way to have it understood by simple minds. We do not judge the Calvinistic system by what John Calvin was in his private life: nor the benefits of the Revolutionary War by what sort of a husband John Adams was. Christian Science, with all its faults, has saved the religion of New England from a hard, dry, mechanical sort of orthodox preaching on the one hand, and from a wishy-washy vague style of transcendentalism on the other hand. While it

may have foolishly claimed everything, as do certain unwise politicians, yet there is no doubt that it has helped to develop a better, more spiritual type of preaching. No one will say that it has not encouraged Bible reading and Bible study; nor will anyone deny the hopeful, happy emphasis it gives to those who can accept its tenets.

Edward Everett Hale and Mary Baker Eddy: can there be greater contrast? In Boston's Public Garden stands the statue of the one, the grand old man of New England: honored and loved by every class, by every faith, by every nationality. There on Huntington Avenue, in that great, domed church rising like Saint Peter's in Rome, over the city of the Puritans, is the monument of the other. No need to speak of Hale, to tell of his virtues; they are known to the thousands of young Americans, who, through him, learned their first lessons in co-operation, in living, and working together.

Not so easy to sum up in few words the

position which Mrs. Eddy occupies in public estimation, but it is not difficult to tell the lesson she is teaching us. It is the lesson of perseverance. "God is all in all," she exclaims, "Spirit is the real and eternal; matter is the unreal and temporal; man is not material, he is spiritual" ("Science and Health," page 468). Over and over again did she write this, until, at last, it got lodgment in the mind of the public: I say she repeated these phrases and had them printed: she never desisted, never grew weary in her endeavor to make her one absorbing idea comprehensible to others. Her mind was on a single track, perhaps, but it led somewhere, —to her imagination it led heavenward.

Is your mind on some single pathway that leads heavenward? Is it on any kind of track that leads upward and onward?

We all believe that the one reality is spirit, is God: but does this truth really enter into our consciousness in a way to affect our mode of thinking, our method of living? Chris-

tian Science has no new revelation for Unitarianism; but the followers of Mrs. Eddy, or a large number of her followers, I like to suppose, do have something to show Unitarians, and that is lives dominated by religion, and, hence, untrammeled by fear, doleful fancies, and apprehensions of sickness.

From sovereignty to spirit. It is a great advance. From God in the Heavens to God in the soul: it is a greater advance. Have you found Him there within? Then, if so, "filled and quickened by his breath, your souls are strong and free, to rise o'er sin and fear and death, to love of God most strong."

Modifications

THE NEW THOUGHT MOVEMENT
GOSPEL OF HOPE

Horatio Dresser Phillips Brooks

Whatsoever things are true; whatsoever things are honest; whatsoever things are just; whatsoever things are pure, lovely and of good report . . . think on these things.

(Philippians 4. 8)

For we are saved by hope.

(Romans 8. 24)

CHAPTER VII

Present Period, 1920–

WHAT had Paul in mind when, in his parting advice to the new converts in Philippi, he so emphasizes thought? Can you tell? Have you a satisfactory answer ready at hand? You remember the Apostle's injunction, do you not? It is as follows: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, pure, lovely, of good report; think on these things." Before we consider just what Paul meant, or even try to gain an explanation of his general theory, let us once again address ourselves to our main theme,—the religion of New England. In doing so, let us ask how matters stood religiously in this section of the United

States at about the beginning of the twentieth century.

Among thinking people, as is well known, the old theological ideas were pretty well discarded. Few still maintained the theory of a kingly Jehovah ruling from the skies. More and more had the orthodox worshipers, especially those influenced by outside evangelical beliefs, substituted the idea of the universal Christ in the place of the majestic and transcendent Creator. Even Doctor Gordon tells us that "the character of God must be saved from dwindling, whatever in the thoughts of men may be lost or changed." He then adds, "Let the character of God, as revealed in Jesus, the Lord, have free course."

Those unwilling thus to elevate Jesus to the very throne of Deity, such as the transcendentalists, affirmed, in the language of Emerson, that "Mind was and is supreme": that it is "manifold, living and immanent."

This same statement Mrs. Eddy, in her

fashion, had continually affirmed and re-affirmed, founding her whole system, as we have seen, upon it. Her more thoughtful adherents, like Dr. J. W. Winkley and Mr. Horatio Dresser, were not content, however, with just this simple affirmation, they wanted to know the reason why. Touched with something of the scientific spirit of the age, they asked for facts, and so, in time, they, with such men as Ralph Waldo Trine and Doctor Wood, helped to give expression to what, now, we may dignify as "the New Thought movement."

Let us go to these New Thought people, or at least to the most scholarly among them, asking in all seriousness what explanation they have of Saint Paul's words. "Why," we say to them, "does this fiery and active Christian missionary, Saint Paul, put such great emphasis on mere thought? Why does he ask his new converts to think on certain particular virtues? What special benefits does he suppose will be derived from careful meditation? What practical good?"

Our New Thought friends, instead of answering directly, tell us first of all to consider with them certain pertinent truths which, as they go on to say, will eventually make more conclusive their explanation. They begin by calling our attention to the fact that while you and I and all men are greatly influenced by our environment and modified by conditions, yet these conditions and circumstances are not really the chief factors, as is commonly supposed, in our development. No, the real power, they affirm, the actual force which brings us up from infancy to manhood, which builds our physical frame, educates our reasoning faculties, is a force not outside ourselves, like the ancient Jehovah, but a power within ourselves.

It is a growth force that is inherent, a creative energy designated by various names, but, by whatever name it may be called, in every case, continue these New Thought teachers, there is meant an assimilative force,

a life energy which, as it were, presides over the nervous system, watches the process of food digestion, enlarges the size of muscle and sinew, and, like a wise overseer, sees to it that the various organs of the body function normally, a marvelously intelligent force or spirit that protects the body from a thousand dangers and selects from the food and the air and the sunshine just the right elements for development. Yes, which assembles heterogeneous particles, separating the needful from the needless and creating a structural organism by the process called growth.

What, we ask, is this creative energy, what this something that binds up our wounds, that heals us, that never sleeps; taking care when we sleep that the heart shall not forget to pump blood to the arteries, that the lungs shall not cease their breathing, that the digestive process shall not fail? Can it be known consciously? Or, if that question is too vast in its implica-

tions, and the answers still uncertain, then can we in some measure direct this creative assimilative energy within ourselves?

If we cannot, then are we not as slaves to it; thinking, being, doing, acting because swayed and propelled by an irresistible power which forces us to its ways with as autocratic a scepter as though that scepter were wielded by a giantesque Calvinistic Deity, outside ourselves and high up upon some celestial throne?

Again we ask our New Thought friends, have we no control over our mental and spiritual nature, and thus, indirectly, over our bodies? Are we predestined, as Calvinism taught, to a certain type of character whether or no? Must Macbeth murder the king? Is he driven by an inward necessity? Is Œdipus bound to be the victim of a tragedy that wrecks his life, though he himself is innocent of any desire to do wrong?

"Assuredly we are not bound: most certainly we are not slaves," comes back the

answer from each and every representative of New Thought. Just the reverse. This very recuperative upbuilding, fashioning force within us, which has so much to do with shaping our destiny, if we allow it full sway, can in large measure be controlled and managed by a master force that has power over it, a master force subject to our will.

"And what is it?" we ask questioningly, "What term, or name, do you apply to it?"

"Know, first of all," continue our New Thought teachers, "the name we apply to that inner upbuilder of the body, about which we have been speaking. We call that the "subjective mind." If you do not like the title, then use Emerson's phrase and speak of it as "universal mind," only be sure to recognize the fact that in each human body it is, of course, individualized and limited. This being so, it works and must work under certain definite principles; but "subjective mind" can be greatly influenced and directed by that psychical activity within

us called "Thought." Thought is the master force. While no one can tell what thought is in essence any more than he can tell what electricity is, yet nothing, we may truly affirm, is so well known. It has rightly been said that the difference between a man and a no-man can best be stated by saying that in the one case there is ability to think; while in the other case such ability is lacking. "What, then, we think, we tend to become."

In this catch-phrase, "What we think, we tend to become," of the New Thought people, we have their answer to why Paul, in going among the Greeks and Macedonians, put such emphasis upon thoughts. It is as though he said to these Greeks, "If you will stop thinking along the line of injustice, of prejudice, jealousy, impurity, and war, and begin to think along the line of truth and beauty, of honesty and purity, then, in time, you will so impress your subjective mind that it will go to work and mould you into the shape and pattern of the honest man, the just and

truthful man, the right-minded and honorable citizen. Yes, the subjective mind will obey your thought and fashion you in time into the measure of the stature of your habitual thought."

Let us pass now into a different atmosphere: once again I ask you to enter into a regular Christian church and listen to the sermons of a truly Christian man—a direct disciple of his Lord and Master, Jesus Christ; a man who from his Trinity Church pulpit in Boston, touches the heart and the conscience of all sorts and conditions of people. Phillips Brooks, for of him I speak, belonged to no one school, to no one denomination, to no one race or period.

I found, when in Japan, that his visit to that oriental land was joyfully remembered. There are memorials of him in Saint Margaret's Church, London; and in New York there is a full length portrait in bronze. We all know the symbolic statue that adorns Copley Square, Boston, even though we

may not be acquainted with that other fine, life-like bust which adorns the Theological School in Cambridge. We know, too, that there are Phillips Brooks calendars, and Phillips Brooks journals, and over at Harvard College there is a building dedicated to all kinds of religious activities, that bears the honored and revered name of the great preacher. "The great preacher." Yes, that is what he was; not the great theologian, not the great writer, not the great sermonizer, not the great anything else that detracts or dims the luster and brilliancy of his commanding influence in the pulpit.

Preaching is an art, a fine art. It requires, for its highest expression, a happy blending of voice, form, manner, pleasing appearance, gesture, enunciation, proper subject, fitting for the occasion, and something else—character, lofty, sincere, earnest. Was it not Emerson who said of the village preacher, "I cannot hear what you are saying for your character is preaching so

loudly." Yes, it is the man back of the sermon that speaks; hence I say of Phillips Brooks that he was one of the greatest preachers ever produced in this country.

Truth is inseparable from person. To use a Biblical phrase, "the word must be made flesh" in order to influence. Students in the Divinity School at Harvard, after hearing one of the electrifying sermons of Brooks, would come back to their own hall and say, "Well, I didn't hear anything new"; or, "Fine? Yes, of course, but not especially original." They were right. If the hearer was looking for something new, something original in Brooks' sermon, he was bound to be disappointed. Help comes not only through the intellect, but through the feelings. We need to have our emotions touched to high purpose; we need to have our imagination vivified, our aspirations strengthened. That is what Phillips Brooks did for all sorts and conditions of people. He preached to the feelings. If this be so, you may ask,

in what way did Brooks contribute to the religion of New England?

In giving joyousness to that religion; in exemplifying in his own actions the sense of joyousness he would impart to others.

"Lugubrious, solemn, dull, sad, fearful," are words formerly used as applicable to church services. No one who entered Trinity Church when Phillips Brooks was rector would ever have applied those words to a Sunday service. No, the message emanating from the pulpit was always one of light, one of cheer, of brightness, of hope, of sunshine. "Brothers, you may have more life; brothers you may have more joy. It is a poor little town, that of Bethlehem. Yes, but in its dark streets shineth an everlasting light. That same heavenly gleam will lighten all your ways." "Hope grows out of a belief in the present potency of God to lift me, to lift you, to lift every one of us up, up, to a higher level; to make it possible for us all to live now the life of the spirit, the

life divine. Have you such hope? Such belief?"

"And now abideth faith, hope, love." Over and over again preachers have emphasized the need of faith; over and over again other preachers have dwelt on love—that of God for us—or the need of man to love his Creator, but few, very few, if any, have told us of the boundless power of hope to impart new energy. Saved by hope, cheered by hope, sustained by hope, animated by hope. In these sentences you hear the message of Phillips Brooks, more—you have what he was. Young men gathered to his services and catching some of the preacher's enthusiasm, felt they, too, could go forth and do; they, too, could reach the heights that before they hardly dared dream of. Despairing ones, also, caught something of that animating vigor of hope, and went forth determined to try again.

The Sovereignty of Spirit in the Commonwealth of the Soul

Whittier Hosmer

The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are children of God.
(Romans, 8. 16)

Till we all come unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of the Christ.
(Ephesians, 4. 13)

CHAPTER VIII

Present Period, 1920– (*Continued*)

COULD anything seemingly be farther away from the beliefs, the theology, of the Puritans than the beliefs, the convictions, of their descendants? They started with the thought of an Almighty Power in high heaven far, far removed from earth, and, behold! that same majestic power is now enshrined, as spirit, within our very souls; they thought of Deity as terrible in moral indignation, dooming sinners to years and years of awful agony in the flames of hell. The present thought of God, for you, for me, is the thought of a loving Father, who cares for all his children. Religious beliefs, two hundred years ago, created a sense of fear, as of some dreadful doom, ever immanent. Religious beliefs today inspire us with a sense

of hope and joy, as we look forward to some happy, blissful ending. No more are we hearing of the depravity of man; rather are we being told of the dignity and potentiality in human nature. Hope is the outcome, and not despair. Hope, that suffuses the sunset glow and coloring over the most commonplace of our attempts.

"And now abideth Sovereignty, Freedom, the Commonwealth."

That is the conclusion to which we have at last arrived after this long review of the religion of New England.

God must still rule, as the Puritans declared, still must He be Sovereign-Lord in this universe, in every part of its vast and wondrous space, but He must rule no more capriciously, emotionally, intermittently by fits and starts, through so-called miracle and providential occurrences. He must perforce rule steadily, wisely, impartially, through what is called law. Thus does He become for us dependable, as He was not for our an-

cestors. Thus can we trust Him, thus can we feel even as did Marcus Aurelius of old, who said, "Nothing comes too soon, nor too late for me, oh Nature, that comes not too soon, nor too late for thee."

God is also sovereign in the heart, or ought to be, as well as in Nature's realm. If this be so, then, there must be spiritual laws governing in the inner realm exactly as physical laws govern in the material world. Long, long ago it was told us by Jeremiah, "I will put my law in their inward parts and write it in their hearts."

So, too, in almost the words of the Hebrew Prophet, are the New Thought people telling us today: they are telling us, as well, that an important difference between the outer kingdom of Nature and the inner kingdom of the soul is that in the one (the outer), if we wish to live and thrive, we must obey the sovereign's laws; in the other (the inner) we have freedom to do much as we like. No power compels us to be pure in thought. No

force so dominates us that we must be just and loyal in intention. No, within we can think and feel as we please. Our thoughts are our own. If we send forth those thoughts toward the vindictive, the passionate, the lustful, the cruel; then we disorganize the inner realm; then we bring confusion and conflict into the heart of our commonwealth; then we set up within, those conditions of morbidity and fear and wrongfulness that lead to sickness, to all manner of painful diseases, to death. Exactly as the Puritans aimed to establish a state of government in harmony with God's law, as laid down in the Bible, so we ought to try to set up a state of mind within ourselves in harmony with the divine laws.

Awful for our Puritan forefathers was the thought of the last Judgment. "Am I saved? Is my name written in the Book of Life? Shall I join the company of the blessed saints and angels, or shall I hear those irrevocable words, 'Depart from me; I never

knew you'? In the silent hours of the night many a man or woman pondered on his or her future fate, and shuddered at the possibilities that lay ahead of him for all eternity. How is it now? Have we in these days divested ourselves completely of any thought of judgment? Do we think the good and the bad alike shall know the same future? If we do so think, then we have failed to catch the true conclusions of both science and psychology, for each is telling us that within ourselves an inner court is established, and in that secret realm each must give an account of himself, of his true self, his real self, and thus, be self-judged. It is the only really just way, for all other ways are open to error. It is like the automobile furnished with a speedometer. The chauffeur may deny his guilt; he may say he has not broken the law in regard to speeding; that he has not been out in the night with his master's car, using it for his own pleasure, but the inner speedometer will tell the tale. The auto-

mobile is thus made self-revealing. Consequently, the judge need not give reasons for his sentence, the judgment will be called forth by the record written on muscle and on nerve tissue, on face and form, in the eye, in the expression around the mouth; on every part of us. Our whole body is like a recording speedometer and reveals what our purposes have been, what our thoughts, what our deeds.

In those early Puritan days, preachers and people believed that the Lord Almighty spoke to man and revealed His will through all sorts of strange and unaccountable phenomena. How could it be otherwise? The nature of God was one thing; the nature of man was something quite different. Only once, in the person of Jesus Christ, were those two widely different natures brought together as one.

The religion of New England today teaches us that God speaks to man not so much through the thunder and the lightning

and strange portents in the sky but through the inner spirit, through visions, through ideals, through flashes of insight, through beauty, through conscience and heroic endeavor. Thus is God's spirit ever seeking to impel, restrain, direct and control in the sphere of human action for the highest good.

It is one of the cheering signs of the time to note how surely the various Christian churches of this section of the United States are drawing together in this affirmation of the divine in the human and of man's ability to rise to the measure of the fullness that was in Jesus of Nazareth. Particularly is there noticeable a greater degree of willingness to leave the future to the wise ruling of that beneficent Power that allows us all to be co-workers in bringing to earth peace, harmony and more abundant life.

Yes, Mary Dyer's soul lives on, as has been said, and voices the faith in "The Inner Light" through the words of the good gray Quaker poet of New England.

"I shape no image in my prayers,
I only know in Him is all
Of life, light, beauty everywhere,
Eternal Goodness here and there."

"And so beside the silent sea I wait the muffled oar.
No harm from Him can come to me on ocean or on shore."

. . . . . .

In the Te Deum, sung and chanted in so many Christian churches, we are told of the goodly fellowship of the prophets, of the noble army of martyrs, of the glorious company of the saints, and the apostles. We have been in their companionship. We have climbed out of the little boat and landed in freezing weather on Plymouth Rock with the Pilgrims; we have marched by the side of the sturdy Puritan as he trudged through the snow to his bleak and icy meeting house, there to worship God as his conscience approved; we have listened within that meeting house to the theological firstlys, secondlys,

thirdlys, and fourthlys of Cotton Mather's long, interminable sermons; we have watched the swarthy glow on the cheek of Jonathan Edwards as he discoursed to trembling, affrighted parishioners of the flaming tortures of hell; we have sorrowed with the friends of Ann Hutchinson, who for conscience sake went forth into bitter exile; then crowding upon our attention came the forerunners of civil and religious liberty, like Jonathan Mayhew, James Freeman, John Adams and the like, soon to be followed by those brilliant stars, Channing and Emerson. So they have come: so they are coming. Can you not see them as they pass? Spirits shining with the heavenly glow: Julia Ward Howe: her husband, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, Horace Mann, Wendell Phillips, Joseph Tuckerman, Theodore Parker, Edward Everett Hale, Mary Baker Eddy, the Transcendentalists, the Intuitionalists, the "seekers of the light, made one," through the study of the mind; the Scientists; Minot J.

Savage; the Culturists, James Freeman Clarke; the followers of the deathless Christ, Phillips Brooks; each contributing something, each toiling and spending and giving of his best, so that light might come, and love might come, and life might come; more abundant life to you, to me.

"Seeing we are surrounded by so great a cloud of witnesses, let us,"—what? Ah! there is the direct challenge to our loyalty, to the nobility in us. Seeing, too, that they, without us, cannot be made perfect, even though they all obtained a good report, and knowing also that their work waits and must wait for our consummation, are we not willing and ready to take up the refrain, and help to establish the Sovereignty of Spirit in the Commonwealth of the Soul?

. . . . . .

Again, I say, seeing we are to carry forward the principles of the religion of New England, let us in all gladness sing in Hosmer's words:

"Gifts in differing measure;
Hearts with one accord,
We with them shall triumph;
We with them shall fall."

"Bound by God's far purpose
In one living whole,
Let us on together
Towards the shining goal." *

* The concluding verse is an adaptation of Frederick Lucian Hosmer's beautiful hymn entitled, "Forward through the Ages". For the writer's purpose certain words have been changed.

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